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No. 4

# THE THEATRE

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL LIFE



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MISS VIRGINIA HARNED

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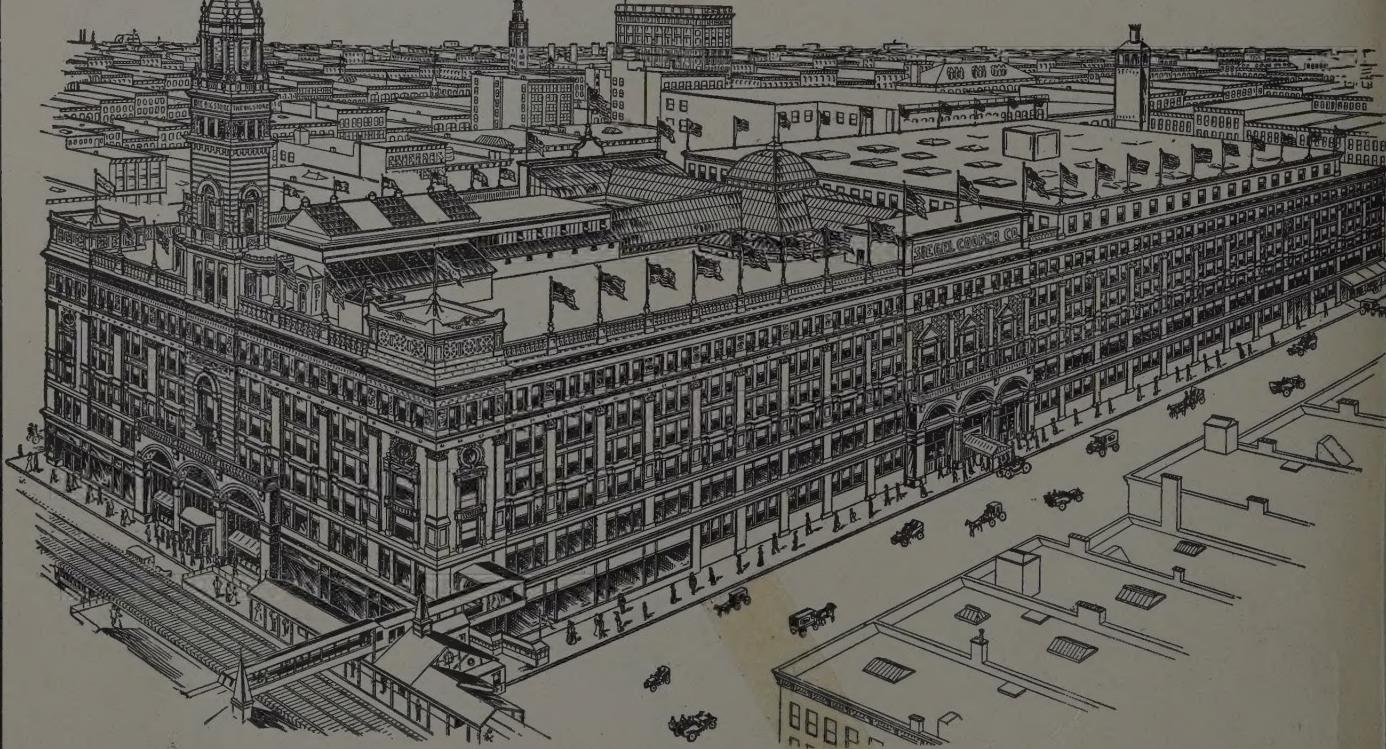
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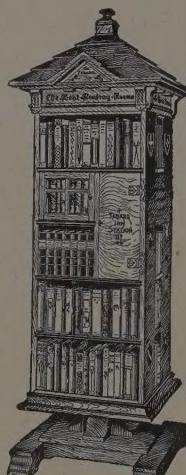
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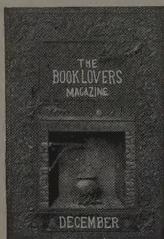
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### A Theatrical Antiquarian



Col. T. A. Brown

Col. T. Allston Brown, an esteemed contributor to the THEATRE MAGAZINE, and whose "History of the New York Stage" has added a work of inestimable value to American dramatic literature, is widely known as the antiquarian of the theatrical world. No one in this country has a finer or larger collection of portraits of players, alive and dead, nor a wider or more thorough knowledge of theatrical events and persons.

He was born in 1836 in Newburyport, Mass., his grandfather having been a clergyman. In 1852 he went to Philadelphia, and soon afterwards began to write for the *New York Clipper*. In 1858 he founded a dramatic paper called *The Tattler*, which subsequently changed its name to *The Philadelphian*. During the same year he began the compilation of that stupendous work, published recently in three volumes as "A History of the New York Stage." This work, which included biographies of every actor and actress who had appeared on the American stage from 1752 to 1858, and a complete history of every theatre that had been opened in America, first appeared in the *Clipper* in installments. Begun forty-five years ago, Col. Brown, with astonishing industry, continued compiling the work until last year, when it was issued in elaborate form by Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co.

In January, 1860, Col. Brown entered the theatrical business, going in advance of the Cooper English Opera Co. While in Baltimore, playing at the Front Street Theatre with Blondin as one of the attractions, the management advertised for some one to go on the back of Blondin while making the tight-rope ascension from the rear of the stage to the topmost gallery (four tiers), one hundred feet above the spectators in the parquet. On the night in question the person who had volunteered failed to present himself, and at the last moment Mr. Brown volunteered and made the ascension. The next morning the newspapers of that city dubbed him "Colonel." In 1863 he became dramatic editor of the *New York Clipper*, and published a showman's guide the next year. In June, 1869, he published in book form biographies of actors and actresses. In April, 1870, he resigned from the *Clipper* to establish a dramatic agency. He was manager of the Theatre Comique (Broadway, near Spring street), New York, when he retired temporarily from the agency business in March, 1877, transferring his interest to his brother, J. Alexander Brown. He then went on the road with Boucicault's "Shaughraun," returning to the agency business in January, 1878, as co-partner with Morris Simmonds. In September, 1882, he was manager for Hanlon Brothers in "Le Voyage En Suisse." His next tour was as manager for Marie Aimée, then a tour with Mrs. Gen. Tom Thumb, and next with Charles Arnold, in "Hans the Boatman." He is at present the fourth oldest B. P. O. Elks, having joined that order early in 1869; has been a Free Amity Chapter in 1868, created a Sir Knight in 1872, took ninety-three degrees in Ancient and Primitive Free Masonry, and in 1883 he took thirty-two degrees in Scottish Rite Masons. He was initiated into the secrets of the Mystic Shrine in 1873, was elected Masonic Veteran in 1888, and has been one of the governing directors of that body for eight years. He also belongs to the Masonic Life Association of Buffalo and Knights Templar Association of Cincinnati; is a member of the Actor's Fund, and is still in the dramatic agency business, being the oldest one living in active service. He counts thousands of friends, and young actors seeking advice or an engagement usually go to consult him. We are indebted to Col. Brown for the excellent engraving of Sheridan on page 317 of this issue, and also for the portraits that illustrate Mr. Lancaster's poem on page 305.

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# THE THEATRE

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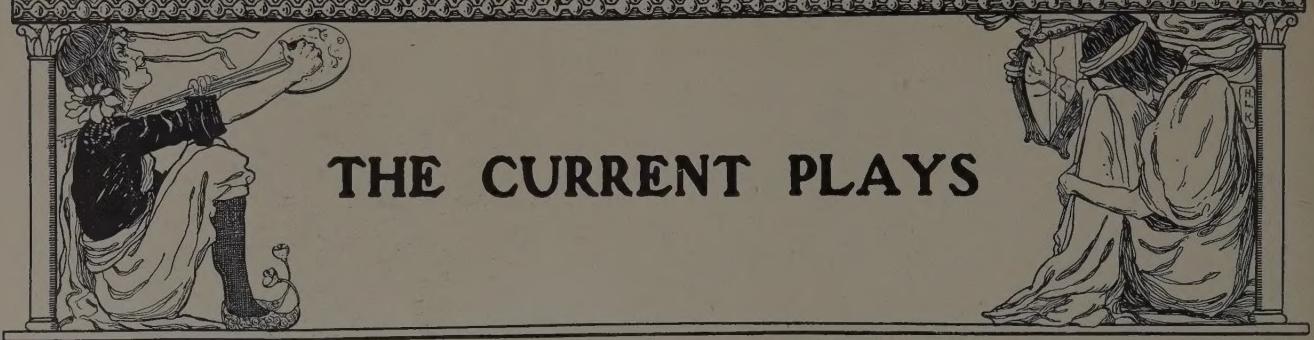
ARTHUR HORNBLOW, Editor



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SIGNOR CARUSO

The great Italian tenor who has succeeded Jean de Reszké in the affections of American lovers of Grand Opera. Signor Caruso, who is now singing his second season at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, is seen here as the Duke in "Rigoletto"



## THE CURRENT PLAYS

KNICKERBOCKER THEATRE. "Romeo and Juliet." Tragedy by William Shakespeare. Presented Oct. 17, with this cast:

Chorus, W. H. Crompton; Escalus, Frank Kingdon; Paris, Sydney C. Mather; Montague, Malcolm Bradley; Capulet, William Harris; Romeo, E. H. Sothern; Mercutio, G. Harrison Hunter; Benvolio, Norman Hackett; Tybalt, T. L. Coleman; Friar Laurence, W. H. Crompton; Balthasar, Robert S. Gill; Sampson, Morgan Wallace; Gregory, Gilbert Douglas; Peter, Rowland Buckstone; Abraham, Edson R. Miles; An Apothecary, Malcolm Bradley; An Officer, Percy Smith; Lady Montague, Doris Mitchell; Lady Capulet, Mrs. Woodward; Juliet, Julia Marlowe; Nurse to Juliet, Mrs. Sol Smith; Page to Paris, Katherine Wilson.

On Nov. 1, Shakespeare's comedy, "Much Ado About Nothing," was presented with the following cast:

Don Pedro, G. Harrison Hunter; Don John, Sydney C. Mather; Claudio, Norman Hackett; Benedick, E. H. Sothern; Leonato, William Harris; Antonio, W. H. Crompton; Balthasar, Pedro De Cardoba; Conrade, Robert S. Gill; Borachio, Frank Kingdon; Friar Francis, T. C. Coleman; Dogberry, Rowland Buckstone; Seacole, Gilbert Douglas; Oatcake, Morgan Wallace; Verges, Malcolm Bradley; A Sexton, Edson R. Miles; A Boy, Dorothy Sadler; Hero, Mary Hall; Beatrice, Julia Marlowe; Margaret, Doris Mitchell; Ursula, Mrs. Woodward.

The publishers of the Temple Shakespeare stated a short time ago that they printed and sold not less than a quarter of a million of copies every year, and that "Much Ado About Nothing" was the most called for volume of the series. Who shall say under these circumstances that the Bard has no following? Should a theatrical manager, with this statement

at hand, have the temerity to declare that there is no public responsive to the works of the drama's greatest genius? Fortunately for the younger generation, there are on our stage occasional players—moved either by ambition or by the purer motive of devotion to their art—who persist in playing the tragedies and comedies of the Immortal William, and so a pictorial knowledge of these great plays is still made possible.

It is Julia Marlowe and Edward H. Sothern who are bravely flying in the face of the so-called insistent demand for that which only amuses, and after presenting "Romeo and Juliet," followed it up with the popular "Much Ado About Nothing" and the more sombre "Hamlet." There was much to criticise in their revival of the romantic tragedy of the Veronese lovers, shortcomings which were less apparent in their rendering of that sparkling duel of wits between Benedict and Beatrice. And yet, grateful as we should be for these limited opportunities of hearing the best, it would be wrong to ideals if some comment were not made on the deficiencies, as well as on the merits, of these Sothern-Marlowe productions.

Greatest of these is the lack of atmosphere, the want of homogeneity of spirit, temperament and even speech. The modern note is too intrusive and the sweep and swirl of com-



Photo Byron, N. Y.

Hedda burning the precious manuscript

Mrs. Fiske in Ibsen's drama, "Hedda Gabler," at the Manhattan Theatre

pelling romance is lost. The background, as far as scenery and the externals of costumes and accessories are concerned, is beautifully rich and adequate. The lighting is fair, but call it, if you will, want of experience, many of the performers suggest far more the Strand, or upper Broadway, by way of Pittsburg, than the vale of Messina. Mr. Sothern's rendering of Benedict cannot be classed among his happiest comedy efforts. It is painstaking in acting and carefully read, but Benedict was a soldier. Something more of breadth would enhance its value. There was earnestness and vigor in the church scene, but finicky is the adjective which attaches to too much of the interpretation. So gorgeous were his clothes that the star really seemed self conscious. William Harris made a sonorous Leonato and always sustained his scenes, in the which he received valuable support from the veteran W. H. Crompton, as Antonio. Sydney C. Mather gave a sustained picture of Don John, but G. Harrison Hunter was heavy as Don Pedro, and Norman Hackett stilted and theatrical as Claudio. Rowland Buckstone was a very bronchial Dogberry, and F. C. Coleman an impressive Friar Francis. But leading them all in intelligence, charm, execution and brilliancy was Miss Marlowe as Beatrice. It is a long time since Leonato's niece has been acted with such richness of comedy, grace, personal distinction and delicious spirit. She was the sparkling, ebullient Beatrice.

Hazlitt has said that "Romeo is Hamlet in love." It is possible that Mr. Sothern has accepted this obvious error, for it was a very melancholy Romeo he showed us. Here is a play of elemental and eternal force, essentially modern, requiring no more footnotes to understand than the Bible. Mr. Sothern's production is full of footnotes and emendations. This may not be apparent to the unsophisticated, but it is burdensome to those familiar with the play. The rearrangement of scenes, the overloading with scenery and the introduction of new business are disturbing defects. Many of these innovations may be justified by a study of the text, for Mr. Sothern is scholarly, and it is not to the purpose here to enter into a discussion of them. Unquestionably, the original must be adapted to modern stage use, and the version made by Garrick, which has been in common use, is not finally authoritative. But it is not a matter merely of the arrangement of the text, for the accumulated labors of actors in the various parts form a mass of tradition that cannot be swept aside as of no value. Much of it must be the ultimate best. Romeo and Juliet alone cannot carry the play, and scenery can help little or nothing if the innumerable minute essentials, going to the intonation of the last syllable of the play, are neglected. "Romeo and Juliet" is one of Shakespeare's plays that will not yield its charm without the melody of the lines. Tradition is not strong enough to have us go back to the sing-song tones that prevailed at one time in the utterance of the lines, but the revulsion to colloquialism is an indignity to Shakespeare, who has superior rights to Mr. Sothern.

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MISS ETHEL BARRYMORE  
In the new drama of Western life, "Sunday"

External and incidental things may be modernized, in a sense, but the spirit of it never. Miss Marlowe cannot substitute anything, in the way of business, that is better than the spirit and manner of its performance according to tradition. At any rate, what she does do is tame, and Juliet was untamed except by death. She shines with incandescent love from the moment she meets Romeo. In the comedy scene with the nurse, Miss Marlowe is more in her element. Mr. Sothern is not happy in his new business in coming between Tybalt and Mercutio. He does not use his rapier to part them, but, taking a cloak from a page, he essays to "shoo" them apart with it. It may be assumed that he has laid aside his rapier in accordance with the command of the Prince, but he could have been just as peaceful in his intent if he had taken a blade





Photo H. McMichael, N. Y.

## MISS MARGARET ANGLIN

In her new classical play from the German, entitled "The Eternal Feminine"

of steel from a bystander for the purpose in hand. "Why, the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm," says Mercutio. Romeo had called to Benvolio to beat down their arms. This innovation of a rag for a rapier is intolerable. This is not playing Shakespeare. It is playing with him.

LYCEUM THEATRE. "David Garrick." Comedy in four acts by T. W. Robertson. Presented Nov. 14, with this cast:

David Garrick, Charles Wyndham; Alderman Ingott, Alfred Bishop; Squire Chivy, Frank Atherly; Mr. Smith, Gilbert Farquhar; Mr. Brown, T. W. Rawson; Mr. Jones, Bertram Steer; William, C. Edwards; Thomas, C. Premayne; George, G. Vincent; Mrs. Smith, Miss Emily Vining; Miss Araminta Brown, Miss Ethel Marryat; Miss Ada Ingott, Miss Mary Moore.

Fourteen years have passed since Charles Wyndham's last appearance in this country. In that period of time he has won

from London full acceptance as its best comedian, he has been knighted by King Edward for his services to the stage, and, what in our sight is far more important, he has perfected his conception of the character of Garrick.

Has there been a better Garrick than this Garrick? We doubt it. Not even the original of the rôle, that player of the middle eighteenth century, of whom it has been said that he "enjoyed one of the happiest lots that ever gratified the ambition or rewarded the energy of a human being,"—not even David Garrick himself could ever have presented a finer picture of a scholar, a gentleman and a man than the beautiful enactment by Sir Charles. Through twenty years this actor has been reducing, refining, purifying the character in the alembic of his own rich imagination, till now it is difficult to determine, even if we cared to try, how much of Garrick and how much of Wyndham there may be in the perfect product. It is the surest tribute to Mr. Wyndham's compelling art that we do not question the idealization of the famous character, but willingly and joyously accept the "Wyndham version" as a lovely if possibly inexact interpretation of the rôle. Such delicious comedy, such easy self-restraint, such brilliancy under perfect control, such affluence of passion, it is the too infrequent fortune of our theatregoers to behold. In the sparkling humor and bland satire of the earlier scenes at the merchant's house; in the suffering hidden beneath the merriment of the drunken episode, wherein Garrick sets himself to kill the love of the woman he worships; in the pathos and nobility and passion and self-sacrifice of the passage in which he advises Ada to return to her home, there were such discoveries of poetry and imagination and feeling as put the audience under a spell.

Of the supporting company none quite escapes detraction, save perhaps Mr. Atherly, whose simulation of intoxication was capital. Miss Mary Moore's Ada lacked feeling, and Mr. Bishop's Alderman Ingott, though well begun, went to pieces at the close. But Sir Charles' opulent gifts would carry a much less capable company safely to success.

LYCEUM THEATRE. "Granny." A play in four acts, by Clyde Fitch. Produced Oct. 24. The cast:

John Allenby, Emmett C. King; Mr. Allenby, Frank E. Aiken; Jack, William Lewers; Henry Allenby, Austin Webb; Jim Wells, Sydney Rice; Pete, Frank Brownlee; Boy, Herbert Marion; Mrs. Tomson, "Granny," Mrs. G. H. Gilbert; Helen Mason, Dorothy Hammond; Dora, Marie Doro; Jane, Jennie Reiffarth; Katie, Olive Murray.

Mr. Fitch has made gracious acknowledgment on the Lyceum programme of indebtedness to the French of Georges Mitchell. The original play, we believe, is called "L'Aieule." It was adapted for the New York stage several years ago,—not by Mr. Fitch—but, for some reason, this early version was never used. When Mrs. Gilbert's farewell tour was arranged, the French play was selected as the vehicle, and the unused adaptation was sent to Clyde Fitch to "fix up." This explains how Mr. Fitch comes to be "indebted to Mr. Mitchell."

The delicate pathos and charming comedy that distinguishes

the French original has been lost, to some extent, in the process of adaptation. Mr. Fitch has introduced a good deal of his own invention, and this, as usual, is superficial and insincere. The play as adapted is slip-shod in construction and careless and misleading in its exposition of the manners and the habits of people in that station of society in which the scene is laid. One thing, however, the adaptor or author has contrived to do—he has given Mrs. Gilbert a part which enables this aged and respected actress to display all those talents that have endeared her to American playgoers for nearly half a century.

"Granny" had kept green in her heart the memory of her dead daughter, and when her son-in-law took another wife it was in spite of "Granny's" disapproval, which went beyond sorrowful remonstrance and angry protest to the point of attempting to besmirch the reputation of the prospective bride (a divorced woman, with a daughter) in the New England town, and of causing an estrangement between her son-in-law, John Allenby, and John's own son. "Granny's" softening toward the new wife, and her atonement for her errors, gave occasion for some touching passages and for some excellent comedy. Mrs. Gilbert's acting, though she experienced an occasional difficulty with her lines, was generally excellent, and might have been considered remarkable in any player of her age—eighty-three. Had the play been of fine and stirring import, nothing in it could have touched us so much as the spectacle of a brave old lady embarking upon a starring tour at an age when most persons of whatever calling and position in life are glad to seek honored peace and rest. The lines of farewell which Mrs. Gilbert spoke at the end of the play will be found on another page of this issue.

#### LYRIC THEATRE. Madame Réjane in repertoire.

Distant as we are from the great centers of Europe, where art is fostered and cultivated for its own sake, it is the good fortune of America that she can always attract with her dollars the greatest artists the Old World produces. Thus we are able to enjoy the bell-like voice of Sembrich, the dulcet tones of Caruso, the wonderful piano-playing of Paderewski and Hofmann, the splendid acting of Salvini, Duse, Bernhardt, Irving, Coquelin, and Réjane. The last-named actress, who has just ended an engagement in New York, is now in the plenitude of her splendid histrionic powers, and those who witnessed her performances at the Lyric Theatre enjoyed a rare privilege. They saw a player of consummate art, a virtuoso in comedy with a tragic capacity of no mean value; skilled and potent in every form of dramatic expression. Her audiences were perhaps not as large as the merit of the offering justified, but those who did attend were amply rewarded in a study of the nuances of her art, so unobtrusive, so discreet, so natural, yet never a point, never a situation other than realized to the highest perfection.

Her repertoire was distinctly modern and Parisian, and most of her personations were morally hectic, subtle studies in faithlessness, psychological expositions of neurasthenia and introspective morbidity. In "Amoureuse," comedy by Georges de Porto Riche, an ingenuous if not wholly edifying author, Mme. Réjane was seen in the extraordinary position of a woman in love with her own husband. The lights and shades of this rôle were brought out by the distinguished actress with delightful art.

"La Passerelle," her second play, had already been seen in New York as "The Marriage of Kitty," and it was only when comparing the French performance with that of Miss Marie Tempest that we fully realized what an admirable artist Miss Tempest is. In the unadulterated French play there is much that is unsavory

for American audiences. M. Brieux' "La Robe Rouge" is a fine dramatic play, showing the injustice of legal procedure in France, and it applies as well to this country. An ambitious prosecuting magistrate, anxious for the sake of promotion to fasten a crime on somebody, accuses an innocent man, and so surrounds him with manufactured evidence that his victim is convicted. By his cunning, he also entraps the man's wife into accusing her innocent husband, and she, wreaking terrible vengeance, slays the prosecutor. In the rôle of the wife, Réjane was truly superb, displaying power that ensures her rank of a fine tragic actress as well as the most famous comedienne of our day. In this play the scope of Réjane's methods are seen in all their convincing versatility.

"L'Hirondelle," an emotional comedy, is from the unfamiliar pen of M. Dario Niccodemi, a young journalist-author of Italian origin and cosmopolitan experience. There is in this



Photo Falk

LILLIAN RUSSELL  
As she will appear in her new play, "Lady Teazle"

piece a sustained interest and cogency of construction, a scintillant flow of dialogue combined with logical development of situation, which mark it as a genuine acquisition to the stage. Réjane is fitted with a rôle as Doucet might—in fact, does—fit her with gowns, while M. Dumeny and Mlle. Avril equally find scope for those high artistic qualities which have won for them a measure of appreciation second only to that of the star.

**CRITERION THEATRE.** "The Rich Mrs. Repton," by R. C. Carton. Produced Nov 16, with the following cast:

The Bishop of Dronemminster, Arthur Lawrence; Lord Charles Dorchester, Ernest Lawford; Bryce Kempshaw, Arthur Elliot; Captain Pugsley, Edgar Norton; Edward Lureott, Harold Hartsell; Paul Rance, Edward Abeles; Fitzroy Marrack, Vincent Serrano; Vellamy, Fred'k E. Beane; Jowling, Herbert Budd; Mrs. Fitzroy Marrack, Florida Pier; Norah Lamony, Beatrice Agner; Miss Petworth, Katherine Stewart; Mrs. Jack Repton, Fay Davis.

When we have laws against cruelty to cats, Sunday baseball, automobiles on ferryboats, and expectorating in street cars, one wonders why there should not be also a law against bad plays. If such a law did exist, the author of the now defunct "Rich Mrs. Repton" would have honestly earned several years' board and lodging at the expense of the State. This gentleman—who certainly knows better, since he is the author of the successful "Lord and Lady Algy"—perpetrated a dramatic composition which for bald stupidity, utter inanity, meaningless idiocy, has never been equalled on the New York stage. But what is even more surprising than the absurdity of Mr. Carton's play is that such an astute manager as Charles Frohman should have waited for the general condemnation of a frigid audience before he hurriedly withdrew the piece and consigned it to everlasting oblivion. One rehearsal was surely enough. The plot defies description. A Mrs. Jack Repton, possessed of untold millions and much experienced in matrimonial adventures, is playing the rôle of fairy godmother to as silly a lot of men as ever smirked across the footlights. She supports

them and provides them with money, but why she does it and what excuse the men have for living at all is a problem left unsolved. It is not even worth guessing at. The lines were as trivial as the characters were ridiculous. One could only feel sorry for Miss Fay Davis—a capable actress who has already proved her ability—that such a sorry rôle had fallen to her lot. The same sympathy might be extended to the actors. They were all bad in wretched parts.

**DALY'S THEATRE.** "The Cingalee." Musical play in two acts. Book by James Tanner. Lyrics by Adrian Ross and Percy Greenbank. Music by Lionel Monckton. Produced Oct. 24, with this cast:

Lady Patricia Vane, Martha Carine; Nanoya, Genevieve Finlay; Peggy Sabine, Blanche Deyo; Angy Loftus, May Hengler; Molly Loftus, Flora Hengler; Harry Vereker, Melville Stewart; Boobhamba, Halllyn Mostyn; Sir Peter Loftus, Harold Vizard; Myamgah, Charles Wallace; Bobby Warren, George Le Soir; Dick Bosanquet, Lionel Hogarth; Chambuddy Ram, William Norris.

This is one of the musical plays cultivated by George Edwardes for London audiences and then forwarded to New York for inspection here. They are always proper in moral tone, sometimes new in story; they often bring new players that ingratiate themselves with us, and are distinctly English but the hereditary weakness of light operas from London lies in the excessive use of punning. "The Cingalee" abounds in an atrocious abuse of this form of humor. It might be possible to record the story, only it would not be worth the while; but it is impossible to record a dance, or to describe blended colors, and these are the only substantial things about "The Cingalee." Substantial for the moment, they fall into nothingness when the last curtain goes down. The Hengler sisters are features of the entertainment with their dancing, which is charming in the impression it gives of youth, grace and coquetry. William Norris is comical—at times—as the Baboo lawyer, and Genevieve Finlay is agreeable as the native girl.



Photo Byron, N. Y.

Nat C. Goodwin and Grace Elliston in the comedy by I. N. Morris, entitled "The Usurper" . . .

HUDSON THEATRE. "Sunday." Drama by Thomas Raceward. Produced Nov. 15. The cast was as follows:

Colonel Brinthorpe, Bruce McRae; Arthur Brinthorpe, Herbert Percy; Tom Oxley, Charles Harbury; Towzer, Joseph Brennan; Davy, Harrison Armstrong; Lively, William Sampson; Jacky, Edgar Selwyn; Abbot, James Kearney; Mrs. Naresby, Virginia Buchanan; A Nun, Anita Rothe; Sunday, Ethel Barrymore.

This very ingenuous and amateurish play was saved from utter failure by the personal popularity of Miss Ethel Barrymore, who takes the title rôle, and, so firmly established is this charming and talented young star in the affections of the theatre-going public, the play, bad as it is, may serve her for the rest of the season. Considered as a piece of dramatic craftsmanship, "Sunday" is a very elementary composition, and does not call for serious critical consideration. Much of its movement traverses familiar lines, but its heroine is frank and honest and her affairs not uninteresting. Sunday is the daughter of an Englishman who, dying in the far West, leaves her to the care of four varied types of cow-punchers. Insulted by a blackguard Englishman, one of her protectors kills him, with the resulting complication that when Sunday returns to her English relatives she falls in love with the murdered man's brother. Back she returns to the breezy West, but the Briton follows her, and the final curtain falls on prospective happiness. The title rôle is well suited to Miss Barrymore. The occasional demands of strife and stress do not overtax her emotional powers, while the moments of comedy give her winning personality delightful outlets. The other players in the cast were satisfactory in not too logical parts.

WEBER MUSIC HALL. "Higgledy Piggledy." Burlesque by Edgar Smith and Maurice Levy. Produced Oct. 27. The cast:

Adolph Schnitz, Joseph M. Weber; Gottlieb Gesler, Harry Morris; Sandy Walker, Charles A. Bigelow; Charley Stringham, Aubrey Boucicault; Waldorf Lamb, Frank Mayne; Herr Baedeker, Franz Ebert; Hans, Walter Stanton, Jr.; Mimi De Chartreuse, Anna Held; Philomena Schmitz, Marie Dressler; Gertie Keith, Aimee Angelis; Mamie Proctor, Bonnie Maginn; Fifine, May McKenzie; Hurrah, Florence French; Captain Pompon, Edyth Smyth.

This rigmarole of fun and foolishness stands the test of the form of amusement with which the house is identified. It is perhaps not so distinctive in its local humor as we might expect, but in lavishness of production it meets what has become an exorbitant demand on the part of the public. Weber is seen in comical incidents that are new, while Charles Bigelow, with a bag full of tricks of his own, is always amusing. Harry Morris, who plays the opposite to Weber, is wooden at times, but generally acceptable. The best comedy of the piece is furnished by Marie Dressler, "heiress to her father's mustard millions," who is seeking marriage. She is stalwart, with a voice that can suddenly pitch at any note and a face of



Photo Reutlinger

FRITZI SCHEFF

Who is now appearing in a new operetta by Messrs. Stanislaus Stange and Ludwig Englander, entitled "The Two Roses"

a mobility that only comedy could have used. She plays the part of the desolate maiden, with the energy of a whirlwind and with delicious vulgarity in parody of the newly rich. Occasionally we have a scene of true dramatic quality. Anna Held remains her familiar self, resplendent in various attire and adornment. Bonnie Maginn maintains her celebrity as the leading show girl of New York. Aubrey Boucicault hardly fits with the foolery of the piece, but is an agreeable personality in the dramatic part of it.

**BIJOU THEATRE.** "Mrs. Black is Back." Comedy by George V. Hobart. Produced Nov. 17. The cast was:

Mrs. Black, May Irwin; Professor Black, Mr. Lipman; Emily Mason, Miss Burby; Priscilla Black, Miss Gordon; Jack Dangerfield, Mr. Atchison-Ely; Don Pedro Degazebe, Mr. Long; Tom Larkey, Mr. Lane; Lizzie, Miss Donohue; Major Thorne, Mr. Sanders; Bramley Bush, Mr. Johnson.

The complications in this piece arise from Mrs. Black's reluctance to confide to her husband her own age and that of her son by a former marriage. Cutting off seven years from her own age, she reduces her boy of seventeen to the immaturity of ten. When he suddenly turns up, he is relegated to the kitchen disguised as the cook. This is not very promising material out of which a play may be made. Pinero has used the identical situation as to the concealment of age, but we should have to look further than this master of true comedy for the cook. The good-natured prize-fighter is of more recent origin as a stage figure. The play is of the commercial kind and effective in its crude way. May Irwin is inimitable in her own field, while her command of acting as an art would fit her for the highest types of comedy. There is nothing indistinct or indecisive about her. She never fails to get her point across the footlights. Necessarily, there is a strong personality back of this. She possesses a sense of humor which is supposed to be a rare quality in a woman. In reality, her best work is in the pure comedy scenes, but her audiences never tire of her "coon songs."

**FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE.** "The Way to Kemnare." Play by Edward E. Rose. Produced Nov. 7. The cast follows:

Dan Maguire, Andrew Mack; Capt. Fairley, Hugo Toland; Roy Donald, Wm. J. Townsend; The Earl of Kemnare, George W. Deyo; Bentley Harden, Myron Calice; Baron Gustavus Hergogengarton, Richard Gorman; Rose Donald, Margaret Robinson; Miss Maloney, Annie Mack Berleyn; Moira Doolan, Gertrude Toland.

After many tribulations, which are not taken seriously by the audience, Andrew Mack succeeds in securing the marriage certificate of his mother and in procuring the succession to an Earldom in Ireland. He overcomes many obstacles by means of four new songs specially composed for this play. How large these and Mr. Mack's personality are factors in the success of the piece it would be difficult to determine. There are many subtle elements in an Irish play. No analysis by one without the inner light can explain all the laughter and emotion evoked. Can it be that there is some hidden potency in the mere name of Maguire? Would the play have less power over its audiences if Mr. Mack were a Doolan? Would Captain Fairley, who has a claim to this same Earldom, and is the rival in love, be more acceptable if he were an O'Hooligan? Would Miss Honoria Maloney afford any amusement whatever if she were a Brannigan? In any event, it is a play that is filled with characters, scenes and episodes that you enjoy at the moment, without quarreling with the probabilities.

**LIBERTY THEATRE.** "Little Johnny Jones." Musical play by Geo. M. Cohan. Produced Nov. 7, with this cast:

Anthony Anstey, Jerry J. Cohan; Sing Song, J. Bernard Dyllyn; Timothy D. McGee, Sam J. Ryan; Henry Haagood, Donald Brian; The Unknown, Tom Lewis; Captain Squirry, C. J. Harrington; Inspector Perkins, Charles Bachmann; Hung Chung, Fred Williams; Johnny Jones, Geo. M. Cohan; Mrs. Andrew Kenworth, Helen F. Cohan; Florabelle Fly, Truly Shattuck; Bessie, Edith Tyler; Rosario Fauchette and Earl of Bloomsbury, Ethel Levey.

George M. Cohan, who begins his career as a star in this piece, made his reputation as a member of that clever family of funmakers, the Four Cohans. The new play is not as funny as some of the earlier pieces, and there are no new songs quite as good as "If I Were Only Mr. Morgan." The piece is really melodrama with a musical setting, and deals with the tribulations of an American jockey who is driven from the English turf by the manoeuvres of an American gambler. The part of the jockey gives the star very little opportunity, and the doleful song about the uselessness of living, evidently intended as the *pièce de résistance*, is quite out of place in a play of this character. Jerry Cohan is not at home in the rôle of the villain, and Ethel Levy, a graceful dancer and comedienne, does not shine with any particular lustre in her

dual rôle. Tom Lewis, a burly, good-natured comedian who has made a reputation in vaudeville, made a hit.

**NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE.** "Humpty Dumpty." Pantomime by J. H. Wood and A. Collins. Produced Nov. 14. Cast:

Little Mary, Frank Moulan; Peter, John McVeigh; King Sollum, George Schiller; Prince Rudolph, Maude Lillian Berri; Princess Marie, Nellie Dalv; Blossom, Lillian Coleman; Humpty Dumpty, William C. Schrode; Pantaloons, J. H. Powers; Harlequin, Joseph C. Smith.

One must give Klaw and Erlanger credit for doing things liberally. It is clear that they are not afraid to spend money. Sometimes a lavish expenditure of dollars is resorted to in order to cover up deficiencies in art and taste, but in "Humpty Dumpty" one finds present all three—unparalleled stage settings, excellent art, unquestionable taste. The scenery and costumes are truly superb, all the comedians are artists in their line, the ballets are simply exquisite. Rarely has New York seen a spectacle that is at once so beautiful to the eye and so pleasing as entertainment. Tableaux of glittering splendor follow each other with bewildering rapidity, while the fun-making is perpetual. The familiar old nursery rhyme on which the piece is based is, of course, only there by suggestion, but the artistic clowning of William C. Schrode, the laughter-compelling foolery of Frank Moulan, more than makes amends for any lack of continuity in the plot. The tableau, "Divertissement at the Bottom of the Sea," with its battalions of comely, well-shaped girls attired in costumes representing coral and other vegetations of the deep; the "Ballet of the Seasons," the graceful, flying Grigolatis—all this is an ever-changing, dazzling spectacle. "Humpty Dumpty" should enjoy a long life.



Gilbert & Bacon, Phila.  
Louis Mann in his new play, "The Second Fiddle"

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE



PHOTO BY BYRON, N.Y.

ROBERT LORAIN

MISS MATTHESON





IBSEN

SUDERMANN

SARDOU

ROSTAND

PINERO

## World-Dramatists of To-day

**T**HE art of the dramatist, after three thousand years' practice, remains ever empirical. The classics of tradition furnish the soil from which spring the romantics of actuality. The world-dramatists of to-day, as of yesterday, and of all ages, are inevitably the revolutionists, the innovators.

It is of interest, therefore, to study a representative group of master-minds of the contemporaneous theatre, and try if we can define, by a broad synthetic analysis, their individual traits and methods of appeal.

Let us take, more or less at random, as subjects of this inquiry, the following authors: Ibsen, Pinero, Sudermann, Hauptmann, Hervieu, Fitch, and Thomas, creative dramatists; Rostand, Maeterlinck, Phillips, and Fulda, dramatic poets; Sardou, theatrical craftsman, and Shaw, critic—and cynic.

Each of these twelve men is an individuality, a distinct influence. Each has his style, or characteristic method of appeal to the universal play-going audience—and no two are alike. The style is the man. The more forceful the one, the more original the other. Style, with a true dramatist, means something deeper than mere clothing, or outward form—whether verse or prose, epigram or reasoning, classicism or romanticism. It is a matter of temperament, of environment, of the time in which he, the dramatist, lives, and of the multitude he addresses.

All established plays are living criticisms of life. We are interested in noting the idiosyncrasies of the playwright critics, and the various methods of expression by which they compel our attention and influence our ideas.

Ibsen stands first in importance—not, perhaps, on the strength of any one Ibsen play, or even of all of them together, so much as because of the dominating influence in modern drama, that restless spirit of curiosity, that passionate quest of soul-adventure and unflinching "standing-up to" the mysteries of life and death, so strikingly exemplified in the grim pessimist of the North, that it is generally called Ibsenism.

Southern suns have scorched Ibsen, but they have never warmed him. A Norwegian of the Norwegians, he was born, as he himself tells us, in the sordid market-place of Skien, where "to the right of the church stood the town pillory, and to the left the town hall, with the prison and the lock-up for mad persons." The obsession of these surroundings has been life-long. With his big heart and big brain peering out into the world through such encompassing gloom, well may this melancholy Scandinavian exclaim in the words of Shakespeare's melancholy Dane:

"The times are out of joint. Oh, cursed spite,  
That ever I was born to set them right!"

But, all that aside, when we come to consider Ibsen technically, it is easy to account for his immediate and vast influence upon playwrights everywhere. His craftsmanship is consummate, such as could only have been attained through his long years of practical experience as stage manager at Bergen and at Christiania. His "method of appeal" is probably the most direct and realistic that has ever been applied to the purposes of the theatre. His plays have no beginning, preparation, or development, in the ordinary meaning of those terms. They are simply "amplified catastrophes." They start with what, in the conventional treatment of a story, would be the finish. In "A Doll's House," for example, Torvald and Nora are married and their children are growing up before the curtain rises on Act 1. In "Ghosts," everything happened twenty years ago, and we gaze in uninterrupted, horrible fascination upon the consequences. Thus Ibsen obtains, and uses with unprecedented effect, the perfect unity of impression—the only one of the Greek Three that survives in the modern theatre.

When Ibsen's characters come on the stage, they reveal themselves at once, in dialogue that is astonishingly life-like—more so, indeed, than that of real life itself, because more concentrated. They never preach or philosophize, or talk epigrams and literature, as they would in Dumas or Augier under



HAUPTMANN

FULDA

HERVIEU

PHILLIPS

FITCH



MISS AMY RICARD  
Now playing a prominent part in "The College Widow"

"The Sea-Lady," there is a young sculptor who asks a girl to remain single for his sake, just to think of him sympathetically during his student years—it will help him so much as an artist, you know, even though he can never marry her, because, as he says, "When I've made my way, she will be a bit too old for me, I fancy." Meanwhile this precious young egotist is dying of rapid consumption, and does not know it! That is humor—à la Ibsen.

But, what is the moral of it all? We might still be asking that question after reading G. Bernard Shaw's "Quintessence of Ibsenism" entire. The truth is, Ibsen is always and first of all a dramatist. He is a moralist only incidentally, if at all. Take his "Hedda Gabler" as a didactic purpose-play and you grasp nothing. But take Hedda—or leave her—as a pathological study, an intensified tragic type of the modern woman of nerves, driven mad by the boredom of what we call "everyday surroundings," and you have a masterpiece of dramatic impressionism, pure and simple.

Pinero—the latter-day Pinero of "The Gay Lord Quex," "Iris," and "Letty," and not of the idyllic phase of "Sweet Lavender" and "Trelawny of the Wells"—has acquired a masterly grip on the actualities of life, and on the resources of art for their stage representation. So has Henry Arthur Jones, for that matter—but Pinero goes much further. Straightway he "tackles" serious social problems, diagnoses the moral diseases of fashionable life, tortures himself with speculations, and sets people thinking. In other words, he has become a creative dramatist with a philosophic *état d'âme* of his own. This is Ibsenism tempered with Latin gayety. Gayety is Pinero's note, and with it he has sparkling wit, also some graceful

similar circumstances, but simply act, pushed on by unseen motives which you feel (at the time) to be those of absolute destiny.

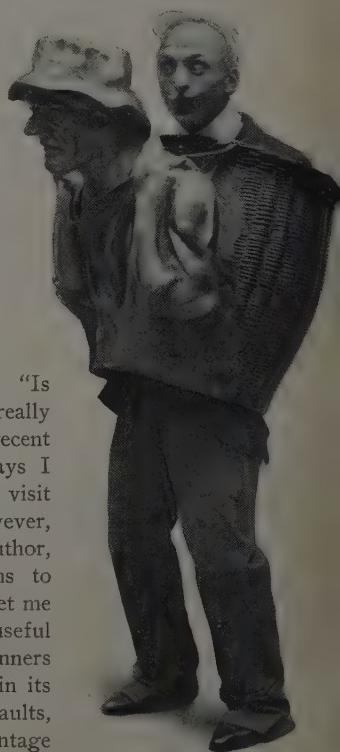
Irony, subtle and bitter, is Ibsen's forte. His "good men," like Parson Manders, are always the calamity-bringers; while those who give hints of geniality, and whom we almost fancy we might like, are usually drunkards. Everybody is selfish—perhaps that is why Ibsen's characters seem so startlingly lifelike even when employed in the working out of a thesis that is radically wrong. In his fantastic comedy of

touches of sentiment—but of irony, scarcely a trace. He draws Quex and the manicurist with such zest and tact, with such a genial flow of animal spirits, that they are the characters one likes the most, while approving of the least. There is possibly a suspicion of cynicism here—and there is more than a suspicion of it in "Letty," where the weak heroine's reward of virtue is a life-servitude of marriage with the smug photographer, while her high-minded shop-girl friend Marion ends as a hopeless old maid.

Our two foremost American disciples of Pinero—as we may be permitted for the moment to designate Clyde Fitch and Augustus Thomas—have all of his keen buoyancy, combined with an eager spirit of inquiry into life, which as yet has not become *blasé*. The trouble with them is, that here in America we have no society, in the restricted sense of the word which we have in mind when we speak of English society or French society, as the proper field for polite comedy. We have home life, and we have public life, also local color and native humor in abundance. With these latter materials, our dramatists—notably Bronson Howard, George Ade, and William Gillette, in addition to the two already named—contrive to turn out some sound work. Mr. Thomas was compelled to import an Englishman for his delectable "Earl of Pawtucket," but he achieved a perfect unity without foreign aid in "The Other Girl," while Mr. Fitch may be similarly congratulated upon "Captain Jinks" and "Her Own Way."

When we come to the Frenchman, Paul Hervieu, and the two Germans, Hermann Sudermann and Gerhart Hauptmann, we have to deal with modern creative dramatists of the highest and most complex type.

Hervieu was a littératurer before he became a playwright; and all his pieces—"Les Paroles Restent," "Les Tenailles," "La Course du Flambeau," etc., are more or less "precious." The author has the malady of modernity, as acutely as Paul Bourget himself. He is a *raffiné*—a psychologue,—and his characters are personages of the ultra-chic, moving in a salon atmosphere strictly à la mode. His heroines "suffer from a careworn expression on the face of a friend," and remark that "you must ignore the fact that you are making people happy, in order not to make them miserable." Such plays, of course, cannot turn out pleasantly; but M. Hervieu is too much of an artist not to have the courage of his convictions. "Is the conventional 'happy ending' really true to nature?" he asks, in a recent *Figaro* interview. "All the plays I saw in London, during my late visit there, had a happy ending. However, there is an English dramatic author, named Shakespeare, who seems to have been differently minded. Let me add that the stage exercises a useful and moralizing influence on manners and customs by portraying life in its imperfections, misfortunes, and faults, much more than by taking advantage



FRED WRIGHT, JR.  
In "One of the Boys," sung in  
"The School Girl"

of the spectator's credulity in the matter of solutions."

Sudermann and Hauptmann are the dramatic progeny of Ibsen. Their philosophic preceptor is Nietzsche, more or less neutralized by Schopenhauer. Both are revolutionists of the Young Germany literary revival of the last quarter of the nineteenth century, when the German drama was emancipated from servile imitation of the French.

Sudermann, born in Prussian Poland of a family of religious bigots, struggled from childhood against the depressing flatness of his surroundings, and found his career as novelist and dramatist in this liberation of his personality from overweening social environment. "Magda" is the concrete outcome of this struggle, symbolizing the right of the Ego to evolve according to the direction given by the inner force or light. But Sudermann is a sad skeptic, and in his plays the aspiring will is always balked. That is the theme of *Die Ehre* ("Honor"), as of "Sodom's Ende" and "Johannisfeuer," of "Magda" as of "The Joy of Living." In the last two pieces it is the woman who pays the penalty. But Beata von Kellinghausen is overtaken by a more tragic retribution than Magda, because she lacked the courage, in her Hellenic assertion of the right to free love, to cut loose from social tyranny as typified by her commonplace husband. When renunciation finally triumphs, she kills herself—in the phrase of a French critic, "The proud vessel filled to the brim with an old Greek vintage rejects itself, and runs to waste in coffined silences."

In Hauptmann, as in Sudermann, there is no gladness. But there is aspiring poesy in "The Sunken Bell," and transcendental religious emotion in the symbolistic dream story of "Hannele." "The Weavers," the most realistic and Zolaesque of all Hauptmann's plays, seems to prove, after all, that so-called "realism," in its intensity, is nothing but frenzied imagination turning to rend itself. Hauptmann, who to-day is but little past forty, began his artistic career as a sculptor-poet and an ultra-idealist.

Ludwig Fulda, born in the same year as Hauptmann (1862), is a German dramatist of quite another sort. The old poetic forms appeal strongly to him, as might be inferred from the fact that he has written lyrics and translated Molière, and that his two best-known plays, "The Talisman" and "The Twin Sister," are in verse. The comedy spirit, well spiced with satire, bubbles over in Fulda. His up-to-date prose piece, entitled "Cold Water"—which American producers thus far have unaccountably overlooked—is quite Palais-Royal-like in its exposition of the two cold douches—stolid complacency of

the husband, and fickleness of the casual flirtatious lover—said to be in store for the average married woman.

The present age is inimical to poetry, else Edmond Rostand would be a greater prophet than he is, and beyond the bounds of his own country. In him almost solely to-day survive the stage traditions of romance and chivalry in pure classic form—though Stephen Phillips as bravely keeps up the heritage of dramatic poetry in England. As it is, Rostand has given to the world-theatre an immortal legendary figure in "Cyrano de Bergerac," a Napoleonic epilogue in "L'Aiglon," a deep and tender religious idyl in "La Princesse Lointaine," and an exquisite comedietta in "Les Romanesques." In England we find another poet of the Rostand stature—Stephen Phillips, in whose writings are recognized the spirit of the English classics joined with the inspiration of the ancient Greeks, and who has already enriched the theatre with three such acting poetic dramas as "Paolo and Francesca," "Herod," and "Ulysses."

Maurice Maeterlinck is at once a poet and a thinker, who perceives that the modern drama must seek in the regions of psychology and of moral problems, the equivalent of what was formerly offered by exterior life. At the same time he concedes that, while always searching for a new kind of beauty, the sovereign law of the stage is and will ever be action. This action the dramatist of to-day has to develop mostly in "the conflict between a passion and a moral law, between a duty and a desire." In Maeterlinck's "Monna Vanna," this struggle results in the complete rout of moral law!

Nobody is ever concerned about Victorien Sardou's soul-state, or his attitude towards moral problems, or his utter imperviousness to the smallest spark of poetry; but the old sorcerer can always be counted upon for a stunning *coup de théâtre* in the fourth act. He is the craftsman par excellence, the latter-day Scribe, the journalist-playwright, who keeps up with the times, and can be all things to all audiences.

In George Bernard Shaw, finally, we have the critic who has put an antic disposition on, and dressed up his whimsies as puppets for the stage. Mr. Shaw regards his audiences with a kind of quizzical contempt, and they cordially reciprocate the feeling. Being irresponsible, he can always shock or surprise or mystify us, and keep us wondering what he will do next. He is not a creator, but rather an intellectual eunuch, like Voltaire, and a profane scoffer at everything reputed sacred. His shafts are harmless, being as often turned against himself and his pet characters as against others. Shaw's humor is dangerous only when it becomes serious.

HENRY TYRRELL.



WILLIAM C. SCHRODE  
As Humpty Dumpty at the New Amsterdam Theatre



Schultz

Rudolff

Blummer

Herzogenburg

Joachim

Vierling

THE SENATE OF THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC IN BERLIN

At the head of this most important institution of the musical world of Germany now stands Prof. Joachim, the greatest violinist of our time. Its senators are Prof. Bruch, well known as the composer of the "Song of the Bell," and the much played "Odysseus;" Prof. Schultz, director of the singing classes of the Academy; Prof. Rudolff, one of the most liberal and cultured of theorists; Von Blummer, who composed several of the greater choruses, and also the oratorio "Abraham;" Gernsheim, director of the "Stern Singing Club;" Prof. Radecke, composer of songs and a quartette-player; Prof. Von Herzogenburg, who died a year ago, founder of the Leipzig; and Prof. Vierling of the Berlin Bach Societies.

# Quaint and Historic Shoes

By Elsie de Wolfe



Photos Van de Weyde

1. Turkish shoes. Red. Left outside the Mosque while the Turk prays within.

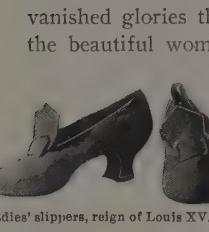
2. Rich German Peasant's shoe. Heel in centre (16th century).

3. Woman's shoe of the Regency with patten (18th century)

**MISS ELSIE DE WOLFE**, the well-known actress, owns a remarkable and valuable collection of quaint and historic shoes which, so far as we know, is unique in this country. In England there are several large collections of antique foot-wear, and France boasts of the finest collection of the kind in the world—that of M. Jules Jacquemart, now one of the sights of the Musée de Cluny, in Paris. The value and interest of such a collection, from the theatrical and archeological point of view, is obvious.—EDITOR.



Dress slippers worn by Queen Marie Antoinette



Ladies' slippers, reign of Louis XV.



Venetian pattens (18th century)



Master shoemaker's specimen (16th century)

torze style. Exquisite embroidery covers the vamps from the silk bows down to the toes. The texture of the silk from which they are made is so delicate that the slippers would be shapeless if not filled out with tissue. They are exhibited in the cabinet (and in the accompanying

I first began my collection of old and famous shoes about fifteen years ago, inspired by the wonderful Jacquemart collection on exhibition in Paris. How often I visited the stuffy Musée de Cluny to feast my eyes on those curious relics of the past! How vividly they appealed to my imagination, what memories of vanished glories they revived! I conjured up pictures of all the beautiful women now dead and gone—queens and courtesans, dames and peasants, who had worn these wonderful shoes—Catherine de Medici, Mary Queen of Scots, the Dubarry, Marie Antoinette—the long and stately procession moved slowly past my mind's eye, until I, too, became an enthusiastic collector.

My first acquisition was the pair of rose-colored monchète slippers, once part of the personal belongings of Queen Marie Antoinette. Apart from the purely historic interest attaching to these dainty pantoufles of martyred royalty, what pathetic associations do they not suggest! Worn by the unhappy Queen on all state occasions, perhaps they adorned her feet that stormy day when the furies of Paris surged under the royal apartments at Versailles, hurling vile jest and invective against "the Austrian," or was she wearing them that fatal morning when the jailer entered her cell in the gloomy Conciergerie to summon her to the scaffold? The slippers are made of the most delicate fabric of silk and are hand-embroidered. In the front are large bows embroidered in silk in delicate patterns. They have leather heels of Louis Quar-

illustration) with the filling that properly shows them in the shape when worn.

A specimen of the cobbler's craft which I value very highly is a pair of child's shoes of the 16th century. These are what is known as a *pièce de maîtrise*, and were not intended to be worn, but were simply to show how far the apprentice had progressed in his craft, and that he was eligible for admission to the guild and to become a master workman. These shoes were given to the poor children on days of public rejoicing by the hospitals at Ghent. They are very plain shoes and specimens are rare. They are made of heavy leather and buckle across in the front, somewhat in the style of the modern Blucher boot. The soles and heels are also of heavy leather.

I am very fond of another child's shoe, a specimen of the type worn in the 17th century. It has an extravagantly high heel, but this is in a measure compensated for by the many thicknesses of the sole. The shoes add several inches to the height of the wearer. A bit of ribbon ornaments the front. The vamp of this shoe lengthens into a tongue, and the sides fold over the tongue and are tied together. A dainty border is carved around the heel. Nearly all the children of the period wore this quaint style of shoe.

In Spain during the same century much hand-embroidery was placed on all slippers and the richest kind of foot-gear of that period come from Spain. In my collection are two pairs of bed chamber slippers which came from northern Spain. These are all hand-embroidered in the richest style and are wonderful specimens of fine workmanship. No leather whatever shows on these slippers, and it is doubtful if any leather at all enters into their interior construction. The slippers have no heels and consist



Spanish bedroom slippers (17th century)



Louis XV. slippers tipped with alive white canvas body and green and red leaves embroidery



Low-cut shoe (15th century). Fine work on the sole



Children's shoes, Belgium (16th century)



Child's shoe with several thicknesses of sole (17th century)

only of the soles, the band that covers the instep and a band in the nature of an ankle-strap. The toes are uncovered and project from the instep band. Not only are these bands magnificently embroidered in silk and gold and silver, but the soles of the slippers are also most exquisitely embroidered. It is said that no richer embroidery was ever designed than that ornamenting the Spanish "soulier d'accouchée" of the 17th century.

Another very fine specimen is a master shoemaker's soulier of the 16th century. This is made entirely of leather, is heelless, and has a sole that is stitched to the upper in masterly fashion. While this shoe has no heel whatever, it is shaped in such fashion that there is a hollow under the part beneath the instep.

During the regency the women's shoes were generally made with pattens. A specimen of these shoes with the patten that accompanied it is shown in the illustration herewith. The shoe could be worn with or without the patten, as the wearer pleased. This specimen represents the style during the years 1715 to 1723. The sole of the shoe itself was made of thin leather, but the patten was soled with leather from a quarter to half an inch in thickness. The patten tied over the shoe with a bit of ribbon.

Another interesting piece is a low-cut shoe of the 15th century, in which all the fine work is on the sole. The carving on the sole is beautifully executed.

The largest shoes in my collection are a pair of dark-red Turkish shoes of the type worn by Turks when going to prayer. These are invariably left outside the mosque while the owner prays within. These shoes are studded with brass on the soles, the design being made of many little knobs of brass, much resembling the heads of upholstery tacks. Embroidery in silk and silver cover all of the shoe except the sole.

A very curious pair of shoes are those with heels in the centre. They are of German make and were worn by rich peasants in the 16th century. The shoes are made entirely of leather and are stamped all around the body with odd designs of circles, diamonds, etc.

Quite as interesting are a pair of Louis XV. mules, made with a body of canvas, delicately embroidered with leaf de-



YVETTE GUILBERT

This admirable artist is to visit New York again next season when she will act in English in a play now being especially written for her.

signs in red and green silk. The mules come to a sharp point at the toes and are there capped with silver.

## Is Stage Emotion Real or Simulated?

By Clara Morris

 I FEEL some doubt whether really fine acting can be the result of mere memory and unintelligent imitation.

There are indeed great authorities against me. Johnson said of Pritchard that she was a vulgar idiot, that her playing was quite mechanical, and that she no more thought of reading the play out of which her part was taken than a shoemaker thinks of the skins out of which the piece of leather of which he is making a pair of shoes is cut. And Diderot has written an essay to prove that perfect self-possession and cold insensibility to the emotions which he represents are essential to a great actor.

"Such an actor," he says, "is the same in every representation and always equally perfect. All is prepared, all is learned by heart. His passion has its beginning, its middle, and its end. The same accents, the same gestures are repeated. If

there be any difference, the last representation, being the most studied, is the best.

"You ask me," he continues, "whether these plaintive tones, these half-stifled sobs, in which a despairing mother seems to pour forth her inmost soul, can be the result of no real emotion? Unquestionably, I answer; and the proof is, that they form part of a system of declamation—that they have elaborated by long study—that to be properly uttered they have been repeated a hundred times—that every time the actor listened to his own voice—that he is listening to it now—and that his skill consists not in feeling an emotion, but in imitating its external signs.

"Those screams of grief are noted in his memory; those gestures of despair have been laboriously prepared. He has fixed in his own mind the precise time when he is to weep. This trembling voice, these half-uttered, half-stifled words, these

quivering limbs, these trembling knees—all is pure memory, a lesson carefully learned and accurately repeated; a sublime deception, which the actor knows to be a deception while he is executing it; which wearies his body, but does not disturb his mind."

It must be remembered, however, that a French tragedy differs essentially from the dramatic representation which goes by that name in America and England. So much so that in the essay from which I have been quoting, Diderot admits that a man who can act Shakespeare perfectly is, in all probability, absolutely incapable of rendering Racine, *ne sait pas le premier mot de la déclamation d'une scène de Racine.*

It is probable that things so different as French and English acting may require different habits of mind, and different modes of study and execution; and that the long tirades of

Phèdre may be best declaimed by an actor who is really indifferent and merely simulates passion, while the rapid natural dialogue of Shakespeare must be felt in order to be adequately expressed. And absolutely without denying the possibility of the mechanical acting of Pritchard, I must affirm also the compatibility of the deepest real emotion with the most vivid representation of it. When Jenny Lind pulled to pieces the rose in "Somnambula," Dickens averred that he saw real tears running down her cheeks. And it is known that she declared that when on the stage she never saw the audience, and that if she ever thought of their presence it spoiled the truth of her acting.

All the great performers that occur to my recollection have enjoyed the dangerous privileges and have been subject to the painful joys of the poetic temperament.



## The Stage as a Career for Young Women

By Clara Bloodgood



Otto Sarony Co.  
MRS. BLOODGOOD

THE question as to whether the stage is a desirable career for young women who find it necessary to support themselves is a very widely discussed one. The main point at issue seems to be whether the temptations are greater in the theatrical profession than in any other. Personally, I think the unprotected position is always open to more temptations than the ideal home life, but that applies to any form of public work. Protection is a luxury, not a necessity, and no woman worth her salt needs it. It

rarely seems to occur to people that the real question is not whether the stage is good enough for the girl, but whether the girl is good enough for the stage.

No one can speak except from the standpoint of her own experience, and a good many things may have escaped me. But a few I have noticed. First, no one showing a sincere desire to work fails to meet with encouragement; second, the alleged jealousies of the stage are less (certainly no greater) than those of other professions. I have heard authors and painters discuss each other's work with quite as much criticism and less justice. Smallness exists, of course (we all have our bad days), but it is by no means characteristic of the actress. No profession in the world is so generous in lending a helping hand, both as a class and individually.

When I first went on the stage I had one, possibly two, lines to speak. I had never done anything, even in private theatricals, but I sincerely wanted to learn. As a first step, I took all the understudy work I could get the stage manager to give me. Far from meeting with discouragement, some of the principals even took the trouble to come to understudy rehearsals to help me with the scenes. When you consider that these people were playing difficult parts themselves, and had little

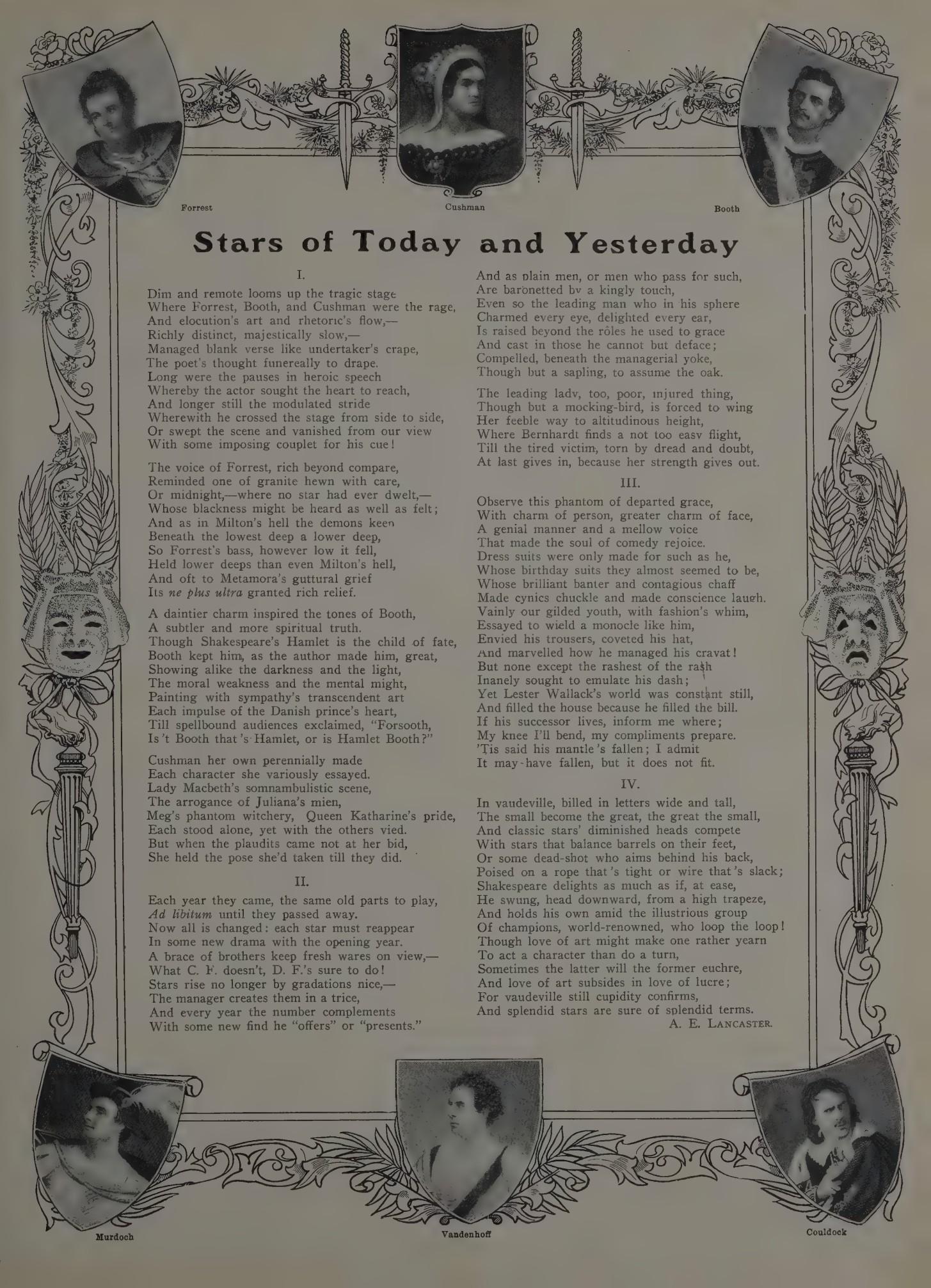
time for rest or amusement, this was a generous thing to do.

Suppose that sometimes they do criticise, is it human nature not to be a little biased in competition? Do you know many women who pride themselves on their housekeeping who are particularly enthusiastic about the housekeeping of their neighbor? The better you do anything the more critical you become, but criticism is not necessarily unkind.

Abuses exist in the theatrical profession, of course, but they become less all the time. In any community rules cease to exist as they become unnecessary. A rule that may seem very arbitrary now was probably very necessary when it was made. At times, too, one may be brought in contact with unpleasant people whose authority it is hard to admit, but you don't call the United States Government undignified because some of its policemen have bad manners. The same applies to theatrical management. Civility is the intention, and any rudeness is contrary to order.

Don't expect too much and always be ready. If you are given an understudy, learn it at once and go through it at least once every night after you *have* learned it. Do not wait until the principal sneezes or looks pale, and then try to learn it over night.

Be sincere, even if you are sincerely wrong. Aside from the question of honesty, no work is so tiring as that badly done. No matter how small a part you have to play, remember that you are supposed to be a real person. If you have no lines to say, *listen*. If you are doing the much despised "ensemble" work, mean it. It is not a particularly good preparation for a burst of merriment to stand in the wings discussing how bad your hotel is until your cue has actually been spoken. Good advice for the one-night stands is to keep your point of view and avoid pie. This applies to outside the theatre. Inside the theatre do your very best and forget the ridiculous idea that a one-night stand audience is any less desirable or less worthy of your best. Any sincere effort is worthy of respect, and any one who works just for the salary, with no love for their work, is nothing but a mountebank.

A decorative border at the top of the page features four oval portraits of actors: Forrest on the left, Cushman in the center, Booth on the right, and Murdoch, Vandenhoff, and Coulcock at the bottom. The border is framed by intricate scrollwork and floral elements.

Forrest

Cushman

Booth

## Stars of Today and Yesterday

### I.

Dim and remote looms up the tragic stage  
Where Forrest, Booth, and Cushman were the rage,  
And elocution's art and rhetoric's flow,—  
Richly distinct, majestically slow,—  
Managed blank verse like undertaker's crape,  
The poet's thought funereally to drape.  
Long were the pauses in heroic speech  
Whereby the actor sought the heart to reach,  
And longer still the modulated stride  
Wherewith he crossed the stage from side to side,  
Or swept the scene and vanished from our view  
With some imposing couplet for his cue!

The voice of Forrest, rich beyond compare,  
Reminded one of granite hewn with care,  
Or midnight,—where no star had ever dwelt,—  
Whose blackness might be heard as well as felt;  
And as in Milton's hell the demons keen  
Beneath the lowest deep a lower deep,  
So Forrest's bass, however low it fell,  
Held lower deeps than even Milton's hell,  
And oft to Metamora's guttural grief  
*Its ne plus ultra* granted rich relief.

A daintier charm inspired the tones of Booth,  
A subtler and more spiritual truth.  
Though Shakespeare's Hamlet is the child of fate,  
Booth kept him as the author made him, great,  
Showing alike the darkness and the light,  
The moral weakness and the mental might,  
Painting with sympathy's transcendent art  
Each impulse of the Danish prince's heart,  
Till spellbound audiences exclaimed, "Forsooth,  
Is't Booth that's Hamlet, or is Hamlet Booth?"

Cushman her own perennially made  
Each character she variously essayed.  
Lady Macbeth's somnambulistic scene,  
The arrogance of Juliania's mien,  
Meg's phantom witchery, Queen Katharine's pride,  
Each stood alone, yet with the others vied.  
But when the plaudits came not at her bid,  
She held the pose she'd taken till they did.

### II.

Each year they came, the same old parts to play,  
*Ad libitum* until they passed away.  
Now all is changed: each star must reappear  
In some new drama with the opening year.  
A brace of brothers keep fresh wares on view,—  
What C. F. doesn't, D. F.'s sure to do!  
Stars rise no longer by gradations nice,—  
The manager creates them in a trice,  
And every year the number complements  
With some new find he "offers" or "presents."

And as plain men, or men who pass for such,  
Are baronnetted by a kingly touch,  
Even so the leading man who in his sphere  
Charmed every eye, delighted every ear,  
Is raised beyond the rôles he used to grace  
And cast in those he cannot but deface;  
Compelled, beneath the managerial yoke,  
Though but a sapling, to assume the oak.

The leading lady, too, poor, injured thing,  
Though but a mocking-bird, is forced to wing  
Her feeble way to altitudinous height,  
Where Bernhardt finds a not too easy flight,  
Till the tired victim, torn by dread and doubt,  
At last gives in, because her strength gives out.

### III.

Observe this phantom of departed grace,  
With charms of person, greater charm of face,  
A genial manner and a mellow voice  
That made the soul of comedy rejoice.  
Dress suits were only made for such as he,  
Whose birthday suits they almost seemed to be,  
Whose brilliant banter and contagious chaff  
Made cynics chuckle and made conscience laugh.  
Vainly our gilded youth, with fashion's whim,  
Essayed to wield a monocle like him,  
Envied his trousers, coveted his hat,  
And marvelled how he managed his cravat!  
But none except the rashest of the rash  
Inanely sought to emulate his dash;  
Yet Lester Wallack's world was constant still,  
And filled the house because he filled the bill.  
If his successor lives, inform me where;  
My knee I'll bend, my compliments prepare.  
'Tis said his mantle's fallen; I admit  
It may have fallen, but it does not fit.

### IV.

In vaudeville, billed in letters wide and tall,  
The small become the great, the great the small,  
And classic stars' diminished heads compete  
With stars that balance barrels on their feet,  
Or some dead-shot who aims behind his back,  
Poised on a rope that's tight or wire that's slack;  
Shakespeare delights as much as if, at ease,  
He swung, head downward, from a high trapeze,  
And holds his own amid the illustrious group  
Of champions, world-renowned, who loop the loop!  
Though love of art might make one rather yearn  
To act a character than do a turn,  
Sometimes the latter will the former eucrue,  
And love of art subsides in love of lucre;  
For vaudeville still cupidity confirms,  
And splendid stars are sure of splendid terms.

A. E. LANCASTER.

A portrait of actress Murdoch, framed by a decorative scroll and leaf motif.

Murdoch

A portrait of actor Vandenhoff, framed by a decorative scroll and leaf motif.

Vandenhoff

A portrait of actor Coulcock, framed by a decorative scroll and leaf motif.

Coulcock



Photo taken for the THEATRE MAGAZINE by Joseph Byron

Director Conried at his desk in the Metropolitan Opera House

## The Pains and Possibilities of Grand Opera

By Heinrich Conried

HE honor of managing the Metropolitan Opera House has disadvantages.

Among them are the unceasing strain of responsibility, the worry of perpetual work (for even in his dreams the director of an opera house rests little), the anxiety incidental to the necessity of deciding upon a just compromise between the director's personal tastes, objects and ideals and those of the public to whom he appeals.

To all these may be added the difficulty of maintaining peace, good-feeling and discipline in an organization made up of the most sensitive of all artists, the excitement of having every day—and, indeed, every hour—to meet emergencies which it is very frequently impossible to foresee, and the physical fatigue of attending rehearsals from morning till midnight—ballet rehearsals, chorus rehearsals, and, at the end, dress rehearsals, for perhaps forty weeks during a brief four or five months' season.

Yet, despite all these very serious and onerous discomforts, it is an enviable privilege to have charge of a great lyric theatre like the Metropolitan Opera House, in which so much may be attempted, and possibly achieved, for the popular pleasure, and, if I may say so, for the improvement of public taste.

Although it receives no national or municipal subsidy, as many similar theatres do abroad, the Metropolitan Opera House is in its own field—which is a wide one—an educational institution of unquestionable value to the community.

Of all the arts, music perhaps appeals most strongly, albeit not most clearly, to the emotional in man and woman. History is filled with examples of instances in which individuals, mobs and even nations have been stirred to pity, faith, madness and heroism by music.

Happily, the good that has been done by music is immensely greater than the evil. Few who have ears can leave a concert

room after listening to a symphony of Beethoven without feeling that, for a time at least, they have been uplifted. And, as any one may see for himself this season at the Metropolitan Opera House, this is even more true in the instance of a work like "Parsifal."

All beautiful music is, in a sense, refining. Some—like the music of "Parsifal"—is ennobling. And in grand opera there is more than music. The eye, too, is delighted by beautiful scenery, costumes and lighting, even as the ear and the mind are charmed by beautiful harmonies and melodies, while the intellectual and emotional sides of human nature are interested (not, to be sure, always so deeply as they might be) in the drama, comedy or tragedy of which the music is alternately the expression and the embellishment.

The dramatic aspects of grand opera, I am free to admit, interest me fully as much as its musical aspects. One of the chief objects that I have had constantly in view since I took up the reins of management at the Metropolitan has been the introduction of much-needed histrionic reforms, for want of which opera to many excellent people seems irrational. The operatic conventions are necessarily and at the best somewhat hampering. But there is still room for legitimate acting, discreet movement, picturesque grouping, and for other things which tend to create, rather than to destroy, that illusion which is essential to the enjoyment of stage art.

Another and an equally ambitious object of which I shall not lose sight has been the development of American talent. I am glad to say that, within the brief space of one season, something has already been accomplished in this direction. Possibly before I lay down the honor and burden of managing the Metropolitan Opera House, much more will have been done to make it a theatre in which beautiful operas and music-dramas will be worthily interpreted—sometimes perhaps in English—by American artists so admirably equipped, alike by nature and by training, as to fear no comparison with the most famous of their foreign competitors. Such is, at least, my hope.



JULIET ROMEO  
(MISS JULIA MARLOWE) (EDWARD H. SOTHERN)

Romeo: "Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy be heaped like mine!"

Romeo: "Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy be heaped like mine!"

## THE MARLOWE-SOTHERN PRODUCTION OF "ROMEO AND JULIET"



## "An Actress Must Live Life"—Says Carlotta Nillson

(Chats with Players No. 33)



HAT do they not expect of an actress?"

Carlotta Nillson, fair, gray-eyed, earnest, gowned in diaphanous white, sat in the darkened reception room of a New York hotel, and propounded the question which she herself answered. The question began with a half frown of perplexity, and ended in a smile of gentle decision.

"She must be wise and virtuous, young and experienced, cheerful and rich, at least rich enough to make an excellent appearance."

"How can she remain young until she is forty?" A little despairing shrug of the white-lawn-covered shoulders, and again Miss Nillson answered her own question.

"By being as cheerful as possible, by keeping the heart young; but how can one do that when she looks upon life with open eyes?"

Clearly the actress is introspective.

"One must think of the deep things of life to act," she went on, "and yet one sits alone and thinks and thinks of its problems and its sufferings, and suddenly her mirror reflects to her a face aged and worn, with deep, hopeless lines about the mouth, and she knows that is not practical. She must be pretty as long as possible, and she goes out and tries to be cheerful. But that, too, is hard. It is acting, acting all the time when off the stage."

Miss Nillson is young and pretty and wise, and to all outward seeming fulfills the other requisites "they" demand of an actress, except, perhaps, cheerfulness. And yet that apparent lack she has supplied bountifully on the stage. When King Edward of England was Prince of Wales, he sent her his compliments upon her acting and his thanks for her delightful comedy, which had drawn several nails from his coffin by making him laugh.

"At least half the rôles I have played have been comedy parts," she said, and laughed when she told the story of how, suddenly finding herself cast for the part of an American girl, she haunted the Hotels Cecil and Savoy in London to regain the American accent lost by living for three years in England.

Although Miss Nillson's personality is tinged with the sadness of her native northland, being a woman, she has many facets. Her mirth is swift, subtle, elusive.

When a slim, blond girl, in a scant black skirt, tight brown covert cloth jacket and severe black hat, came on the stage of the Manhattan Theatre and played the scene of the runaway wife in "Hedda Gabler" with unexpected power and a remarkable command of technique last season, there was a well-bred but audible whisper:

"Who is she?"

There were sufficient reasons why this young actress was unknown to the critical, intellectual audience drawn to the Manhattan by the fame of Mrs. Fiske and the gloomy power of Ibsen. In London there would have been no such question.

Born in the district of Smoland, in Sweden, Miss Nillson came to America when she was ten years old. She lived until her stage début in the West. She joined a summer stock company under the direction of Burr McIntosh at Louisville, of which Elita Proctor Otis was a member. In the rôles of Violet Desmond and later of Ernestine Echo, she made an excellent impression in "The Crust of Society," also as Lois in Jerome K. Jerome's "Sunset."

Marriage then interrupted her career, and Miss Nillson went to England, where she lived for three years. When she returned to the stage it was as an American girl in "A Happy Life," the Louis N. Parker play, which was his first offering after his successful "Rosemary." The next season she played quite the antithesis of this character, an English society woman in "The Ambassador," under George Alexander's management. It was this part which she played for two years, that won her the compliments and laughter of the King of England. Under Dion Boucicault's management she appeared at the Court Theatre in "The Children of the King."

Coming to this country four years ago she played Eunice in "Quo Vadis," Countess Labia Latac in "Among Those Present," and succeeded Annie Irish as the sympathetic friend with Mrs. Fiske in "Miranda of the Balcony." It was when she signed with "Hedda Gabler" that Miss Nillson's coveted opportunity came. Her appearance in the leading rôle in "Love's Pilgrimage," and also in the THEATRE MAGAZINE's prize play, at special matinees, again won the discriminating praise of the critics, and shortly afterwards Charles Frohman engaged her to play the title rôle in Pinero's new comedy, "Letty."

All this Miss Nillson told quickly and modestly in the darkened room, on the shrouded divan, before we broached the



Photo Burr McIntosh

CARLOTTA NILSSON

subject of Ibsen. Strangely, at the mention of that great name, which most actresses speak in awestruck tones, she laughed.

"Yes, I know that critics have said that I am ideally Ibsenish," she said. "Mr. William Gillette told me he had the impression that I had always played Ibsen. As a matter of fact, I knew nothing about him when I took up my part in 'Hedda Gabler.' It would be hard to find any one who knows less about him than I. My tastes are not in the least for Ibsenish heroines. I should like to play strong emotional rôles and comedy rôles, natural comedy as opposed to theatrical comedy. I like plays that teach, such plays as Pinero's, Henry Arthur Jones', Capt. Marshall's.

Thus the "Ibsen heroine realized in the flesh," of whom the critics had been learnedly writing.

With the Swedish temperament, Miss Nillson was much better acquainted than with her great compatriot Ibsen.

"The Swedish character is in the minor key," she said. "It looks upon life and inwardly is afraid. And why should it not be? We come into the world, we know not why. We go through it, we know not for what reason, and we are called from it, not knowing whence the summons. As we grope our way step by step through it, why should we not be afraid? And yet"—her American training asserted itself over Swedish pessimism—"it is not practical."

Miss Nillson has many visits from young women who want advice about going on the stage.

"It would amaze you, and amuse you, too, to see them, so many of them, pretty, pink, helpless little things, who have gone to a dramatic school for a few months and read a few of French's plays, and think they are ready to go on the stage. It is so hard to make them understand—it is really no use to tell them that to act they must *live life*."

"To live life," Miss Nillson repeated. "You ask me what fosters an actress' art? Simply this."

A quick clasping of the hands, a sudden raising of the deep, sea-gray eyes, and one caught a flash of Carlotta Nillson's power.

"To go out into the world and be cuffed and beaten."

Her voice sank to an intense whisper. There was no touch of theatricalism about Carlotta Nillson then, or at any moment in the interview, no studied effects, only the words and gestures of a woman vastly in earnest.

"It is martyrdom," she said. "What can the petted women in homes know about it? How can these pretty little babes who come to me for advice about going on the stage know anything about it? Experience, that is it; deep, heart-wringing experience. That is what they need, but it is such a hard price to pay for success."

Miss Nillson believes that a reaction in public taste has set in, that the first up-creeping of the tide was seen in the tremendous success of "Hedda Gabler" last season.

"Put on for one week as a filler, you remember, it was probably the greatest success of the season. I don't know much

about the business of the profession, so I can't speak definitely as I would like, but I know when houses are crowded to the doors and box-office men are overworked. There is no doubt that the revulsion of feeling toward silly, vapid plays has set in. The American public is full grown and is tired of food for infants or for depraved senility. This" (Miss Nillson tapped her forehead with the pointed nail of her dainty forefinger) "wants to be fed."

"I told a manager so the other day, and he said he did not agree with me. 'But the time will come when you will,' I said."

If Miss Nillson said it to the manager with half the impressiveness with which she said it to the writer, he will remember it for all time.

The deep-toned half whisper, the serious, sea-gray eyes, the tremendous earnestness of manner, make up a haunting, powerful personality, not without its pathetic wistful side.

But Miss Nillson being a woman, is of necessity many-sided. The most brilliant facet, however, the side that obtrudes upon the memory, is that expressed by the deep notes in her voice, the gray pathos of her eyes, by her sententious advice to those who would be actresses: "Live life."

Letty, the part Miss Nillson is now playing, is "the hardest woman character to play Pinero ever wrote," says Dion Boucicault, who staged the piece. She is a curiously complex character, sometimes suggesting the luxury-loving Iris, sometimes the calculating hardness of a "Second Mrs. Tanqueray," but never once bursting forth into one of the raptures of love and abandon that cause the hardest auditor to forgive much because she has loved much. In the sacred sanctum of her heart I don't believe Miss Nillson entertains as a guest any deep affection for Letty.

In the sofa scene, Letty says, "I give you leave to shower as much bliss on me as you can, until I tire of you." That is the speech of a sophisticated, calculating woman, not a virtuous, wavering girl. And yet Letty is a good girl. It is a strange contradiction. It is a cramped part. Never, except on the roof, has Letty a chance to work up any emotion or throw herself into a scene. It is repression, repression, repression. Her work is to reflect the emotions of Letchmere.

"The critic who summed up the situation correctly," said the actress, "is a London writer. He said what seems to me absolutely true, that the play is so superb a piece of mechanism that the characters have been sacrificed. They have been made to be soulless and fleshless that the play might be perfect."

Then Miss Nillson said anent the critics:

"We are a bit crude in everything in America, and, perhaps, cruder in art than in anything else. A critic proved that by what he wrote of Letty, when he said, 'You never know whether Letty wants to be good or bad.'"

Her smile savored of a slight opinion of that critic. "As though any one were wholly good or entirely bad. Every human being is a blend of both."

A. P.



MISS GERTRUDE HAYNES  
Will star next season in a play written to introduce her  
choir celestial

## A Tragedian's Christmas Dinner

By Otis Skinner

 To the mind of the man recklessly waving a welcome to dyspepsia and indigestion on the glad day of Noel, the spectacle of the actor's enforced digestive stop gap between two Christmas performances is somewhat disheartening. Ah! the turkey and goose, the mince pie and plum pudding, the nuts and raisins of our childhood; and, alack! for the liver-clogging sweetmeats, the sip of punch that we were allowed and the fruits and pastry that distended our over-worked stomach to undue proportions and crept into our nightmare when the weary day was done! Gone into the *ewigkeit*!

When the overheated, overfed, overimbibed, and altogether overworked Christmas parent takes his comfortable orchestra chair at the diverting holiday play, let him not fancy that the gorgeously apparelled prince, the dainty fairy, and the button-bursting comedian are fairly throttling their effervescent spirits. They've all had their matinée and their hurried meal, and the pall of the day of rejoicing is settling upon them.

Some years ago I was playing in the company of a celebrated tragedian. Tragedians have to play on Christmas as well as comedians. We were traveling by private Pullman car, and in Cleveland we played our holiday engagement. The tragedian had given an unusually spirited and poetic interpretation of "Hamlet" in the afternoon, and we had gone back to the car to find that the porter had spread himself on holly, mistletoe, and flowers, and that the cook had achieved the ambition of a lifetime in the perfection of his menu.

The star came in, looked at it all, sniffed at the punch, and said, "Isn't it a pity Christmas can't come oftener!" Then, going to the door of his stateroom, he said, "Tell the cook to send me a cup of beef-tea and a biscuit. Enjoy yourselves; I'm going to get forty winks if I can."

In the evening, after an exhausting performance of "Shylock," to which an enraptured and packed theatre full of people had given tumultuous applause, the tragedian and I came down in the cab together to the station where our car lay on a siding. As we walked along the platform under the smokey rafters, he said, "I'm tired of dieting and I'm tired of that confounded Pullman cooking. Let's go in here—no one is in the restaurant. I'm going to eat what I want."

We perched ourselves on two high stools at the counter, and while I had a sandwich and a bottle of Bass, the tragedian ate two cold hard-boiled eggs, some greasy doughnuts and drank a cup of railroad restaurant coffee.

"It's been years since I've devoured a hard-boiled egg," he said, "and ages since I tasted a doughnut. I suppose I'll suffer from them to-night."

Our car porter had rejuvenated the dining table, and the cook, stung with the tragedian's apparent neglect of his carefully planned dinner, had risen to even more sublime culinary heights in his supper.

"Thank you," said the tragedian, "I'm going to bed. I've had my Christmas dinner. It was great!" and Edwin Booth shut himself in his room.



Otto Sarony Co.

MISS DRINA DE WOLFE  
Now playing the rôle of Mme. de Santenay in "The Secret of Polichinelle"



View of the city of Verona, Italy, showing the old Roman arena in which Eleonora Duse made her début as Juliet



From top to bottom: Romeo's House; Juliet's House, showing the famous balcony; Stairway, Mercato Vecchio



## In the Home of Juliet

WITH the modern tendency to deny existence to all our well-beloved heroes and heroines, it would be strange indeed if Shakespeare's lovely Juliet should escape.

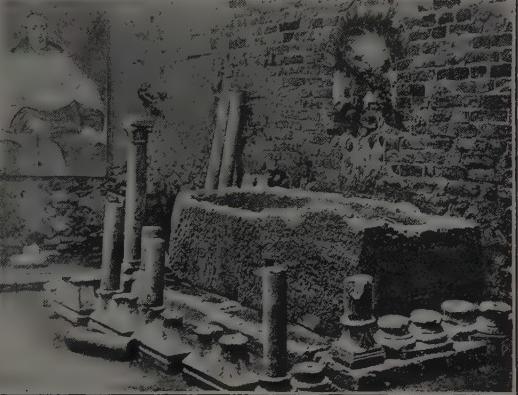
In spite of efforts to prove that the families of Capulet and Montague existed solely in the imagination of their original historian, Luigi da Porto, a gentleman of the nearby town of Vicenza, who died in 1529, and whose novel, "La Giulietta," was not published until six years after his death in Venice, he would be rash indeed who would undertake to convince the Veronese themselves that such were the case.

We are told that the early historian of Verona, Torello Sarayna, who published in 1542 a history of Verona and the Veronese in the time of the Scaligeri, makes no mention of any such families or love story, although he does refer to other families and their domestic affairs, while Girolamo della Corte, who relates it circumstantially as a true event, occurring in Verona in 1303, at which time the Scaligeri were lords of the city, perhaps one of them even figuring as Escalus, Prince of Verona, in the tragedy, is dismissed as unreliable and accused of adding the romance to lend charm to his pages.

But the "Gentlemen of Verona," who act as cicerones to the tourists who invade their fair city, point out the very houses of the luckless lovers. On the road to Vicenza are two old castles, crowning neighboring hills, likewise designated as the "Castello dei Capuletti" and the "Castello dei Montecchi," respectively, and in view of these testimonials why refuse to believe that the lovely Juliet and her ardent Romeo did once actually pass along these very streets where now the modern tourist hastens, guide book in hand?

While Verona is not exempt from the modernizing influence which is slowly but surely transforming all the historic and picturesque spots of Europe, so that soon we shall search in vain for relics of mediæval times, nevertheless, it is less modern than many of the Italian cities. The electric tram is as yet unknown to its narrow streets, the horse car creeps lazily along, far less disturbing to the sleepy old atmosphere of the place. It is not difficult to imagine some quarters of the town as actually peopled by 14th century citizens. Take the Piazza delle Erbe, the ancient Forum, now a market place. The column of Venice, with its lion, was not erected until the lovers had slumbered in the tomb for more than five centuries, but the Casa Mazzanti was a newly finished mansion, the then residence of the powerful family della Scala, when their brief love drama was enacted, and within its walls one of the rival families may well have been guests at some of the magnificent feasts of the times, while opposite, the *Casa dei Mercanti*—the house of the merchants—now restored, and serving as the tribunal of commerce, was another new building, of which old Capulet, as a citizen of "Fair Verona," may have been proud. In this Piazza we may imagine Juliet's old nurse lingering for many a gossip with her old cronies.

In the Piazza dei Signori, close by, the Palace of Justice was not a new build-



Juliet's Tomb before the removal



Juliet's Tomb as it now appears

ing, although the present massive stairway was not then built, while the two palaces of the Scaligeri family were occupied by their owners. Accepting della Corte's date, 1303, as the true one for the hapless lovers' brief romance, but one year before Dante, banished from ungrateful Florence, had found refuge with Bartolomeo Scala, and why may not he have been a guest in the house of fair Juliet's parents?

Near the tombs of the Scaligeri, which were built when the hatred of the rival families had become a thing of the past, is the house always pointed out to strangers as the home of Romeo, the third house from the foreground in the illustration. Not far away is the house of Juliet. Alas, the "open place adjoining Capulet's garden," like the garden itself, no longer exists. A narrow, dirty street runs close to the very walls of the house, a doorway gives entrance to a dirty court, filled with rubbish and refuse of all kinds, dirty children swarm around the gazing tourists, passing adults grin in amused comprehension, while more squalid houses line the opposite side of the street. Much imagination is needed to clothe the building with the aspect of wealth and magnificence which it must have worn, and alas for our recollections of "balcony scenes," enacted amid all the charm of setting of the modern stage! Juliet's balcony, as vouched for by the guide, is a tiny, narrow one, high up on the fourth, or what the Italians call the third, story. The projecting supports of former balconies on the lower floors still remain, but even so, one shudders to think of the perilous climb up a rope ladder to that height; and were the houses opposite, suggesting unlimited points of observation for curious neighbors, in existence in those days? The guide merely shrugs his shoulders in true Italian fashion, if one asks. The romance of the balcony flees before this reality, and one regrets the curiosity which tempted one to seek out Juliet's home. Better far to confine oneself to wandering idly about the streets of the old town, picturing scenes in which the lovers, their friends and families may have participated.

Was Juliet ever taken to the old Roman arena, in her native town, and told stories of the days when Rome was mistress of the world? Or like some modern Italian maidens, were such relics of a bygone time of little interest to her? Not far from its imposing ruin is the tomb of Juliet, which few visitors neglect to visit. Unfortunately it, as well as all the other tombs, has been removed from where it was discovered in an old churchyard when this was turned into an exercise ground for a cavalry regiment. It is within the barrack enclosure, railed off in a corner by itself, that one now finds it. Gone are the yew trees designated by Paris, when he bids his page: "Under yon yew trees lay thee all alone, holding thine ear close to the hollow ground," and where Romeo's attendant, Balthasar, lay in terror, hearing the combat with Paris, not daring to interfere. There are no trees left. The bare parade ground and barracks buildings are the setting for the tomb, empty now, save for the visiting cards of tourists from all parts of the civilized world. New pillars have replaced the original broken ones, and the portrait of Friar Lawrence, carefully replaced as it was when found, looks down in fresco from a bit of wall. Why or when the worthy friar's portrait was placed close to Juliet's marble sarcophagus, who can say?

ELISE LATHROP.



(1) St. Mark's Column, Verona  
(2) Tombs of the Scaligeri family

# Players in the Law Courts

By A. H. Hummel

OME members of the dramatic profession are litigious by nature, others become so by force of circumstances and environment, while the vast majority who are anxious to keep out of court have litigations thrust upon them.

While the actress's divorce suit, her disputes with her manager, and her unpaid bills, are generally deemed good advertising for some forthcoming production, and, possibly, nothing more than the work of her press agent, I know from long experience that they more often mean bitter tears and suffering, and that the very publicity, with the golden harvest that is supposed to ensue, is what is almost invariably dreaded. The legal action, treated most flippantly in the press, may involve the wrecking of a once happy home, the shattering of high ideals and the loss of what once appeared indispensable to life.

A crowd will always flock to the court room to pick up crumbs of scandal to retail to convivial parties, but they avoid the dull arguments that characterize the technical portions of litigation. What the outsiders see is often only the superficial—the mummer's mask, whose grimaces often conceal a world of misery.

I have found actors admirable witnesses as a general thing, though there are notable exceptions to this rule. Most of them show the good results of their training, and they are not afflicted with the stage fright that mars the testimony of many persons who attempt to speak to a great audience for the first time. They understand that they must keep up their voices so every syllable will reach the men in the jury box and all others concerned. When they are instructed to give concise answers to questions addressed to them, and to volunteer no other information, they are far more apt to obey than are persons in other walks of life. They realize that the lawyer is the stage manager for their court performance, and that he understands just where the lime-light should be thrown and where the exit should be made. The talkative witness is usually detrimental to his own side, not only by weakening a climax, but by failing to impress upon a jury the exact point for which he was called.

I can recall few better witnesses than was the Earl of Yarmouth in a suit for libel which he brought here in the Supreme Court two or three years ago. Certainly while he played on the stage in Charles Frohman's companies as "Eric Hope" he never appeared to better advantage. He seemed the ideal, calm, unruffled gentleman, that so many actors have tried to portray in society dramas. A vile intimation had been made, and he was seeking vindication. To a thousand tantalizing questions he made perfect answer, never once showing the annoyance that any man must feel under such circumstances, never raising his voice beyond its normal tone, never attempting to retaliate for slurs.

He had a marked advantage over the lawyer who was opposed to me on this trial, and who became decidedly flustered during the long cross-examination, addressing the witness as

"Mr. Yarmouth," "Earl Hope," and using various other twists. My opponent was reading an old newspaper extract, and after hesitating for a moment, blurted out something about the Earl's "pie-routs."

"What is that?" I interjected.

"Pie-routs," said my adversary, "I don't know if that's quite right, as I am not up in French. It is spelled P-i-r-o-u-e-t-t-e-s."

Another occasion when I had admirable stage talent on my side was when Miss Olga Nethersole and her associates in the production of "Sappho" were brought to trial, on charges that the play was obscene. The prosecution arose from the mistake of an overzealous manager, and what was intended as an advertisement proved a boomerang. A daily newspaper not only rushed the case to court, but obtained a committal by an old fogey police magistrate, and an indictment by a Grand Jury. On the trial I was impressed by the fact that the witnesses for the prosecution overdid their parts to such an extent that the presiding justice warned them more than once to "be fair." The defendants were self-possessed as well as truthful, and there was no question from the outset that the verdict would result as it turned out to be, in their favor.

One of my stage favorites is Lily Langtry, of whom I cannot speak too highly. On her picture, which hangs in my office, she inscribed the words, "To my greatest champion and best friend." Like many other persons who have since become my clients, she was on the other side of a litigation when I first met her. I do not hesitate to admit that when I cross-examined her she had a distinct advantage, and one point that I attempted to make against her reacted strongly in her favor.

It was on her first trip to this country, and she had been playing in old Niblo's Garden Theatre. She failed to appear at a matinee, and the money taken in at the box-office was returned. Her plea was that the condition of her health had prevented her from acting that day.

I was anxious to show that she had been perfectly well, and I realized that she was making a good impression on the twelve jurors, and that not one would doubt her truthfulness.

"Tell me truly," I demanded, "isn't it a fact that you were out riding that day?"

"No," she replied.

"Do you mean to tell me you were sick?" I pursued.

"Oh, no," she said.

I sat down with a feeling of triumph; and then she turned and with a suave smile added, "But, Mr. Hummel, you in America may use the word 'sick' in a different manner than we do in England. In saying I was not sick I meant that I was not sick at my stomach. If you intended to ask if I had been ill, I wish to tell you that my health was so precarious that it would have been impossible for me to act."

Needless to say, the jury accepted her version.

Few women have done better on the witness-stand than Sadie Martinot. She is of magnetic personality, and was the idol of college youths, who showed devotion by drinking wine



Photo Schloss  
A. H. HUMMEL  
The celebrated theatrical lawyer

# "Parsifal" in English. Scenes in the Opera



Alois Pennarini as Parsifal

FINAL SCENE. THE KNIGHTS IN ADORATION OF THE GRAIL

Kundry (Mme. Kirkby Lunn) and  
Gurnemanz (Putnam Griswold)



FLORENCE WICKHAM

CELESTE WYNNE

PEARL GUZMAN

HARRIET CROPPER

MARGUERITE LIDDELL

CHARLOTTE GEORGE

ACT II.—PARSIFAL AMONG THE FLOWER MAIDENS



BERTHA KALISCH

Known as the Hebrew Sarah Bernhardt and ranking as a great star in the New York Ghetto

ter buckles, about which stories had appeared in the newspapers.

"Oh," she replied, with a sweetly naïve smile. "We drank those last night at the dinner at which you were one of my guests. Those buckles brought me enough to buy the Sauterne and the Burgundy. My diamond crescent was also eaten. What I got on it was barely enough to pay for the terrapin and canvas-back duck."

The lawyer got nothing more in return for his impertinent questions than a laugh at his expense.

Like other men, I enjoy appreciation of my services, and I am delighted when my clients show that they are satisfied. An incident which I recollect with amusement is a trial before Chief Justice Van Brunt, of the Supreme Court, in which I represented Mme. Fursch-Madi, the great dramatic soprano, the plaintiff, and in which the American Conservatory of Music was the defendant. The singer claimed breach of contract, and sued for \$15,000. She had a good case, and she made the best of it. Understanding the foibles of mankind, she brought into court twelve of her young lady pupils—one for each juror—and never was a jury more interested than was that body of men, as her fair protégées were never out of sight. As the verdict in her favor was announced, she fairly took me off my feet with surprise, rushing up and kissing me with a resounding smack.

It is always necessary for a lawyer to fit his logic to his case. He argues one way for one client and the reverse for the next, as circumstances dictate. If he wins both ways, as may happen, he is indeed fortunate. While one comic-opera star was unable to break away from a manager who wished to have her wear tights in a production, I have enabled another star to quit her manager under similar conditions. In behalf of one manager I have frequently won on allegations which I have successfully combated from the other side.

Miss Lillian Russell refused to wear tights while the star of John C. Duff's company. She claimed, and with reason, that when she was clothed so scantily she caught cold, and her voice became affected, and so refused to continue; but she was permitted none the less to perform for Aronson at the Casino,

out of her slipper, and by other feats too numerous to mention. Her popularity was unbounded at a time when she was summoned to appear in supplementary proceedings. The lawyer for the judgment creditor was a man whom she had known for some time. In his efforts to discover property that she owned, which could be applied to the settlement of the judgment, he inquired about some diamond gar-

where she was not called on to appear in the objectionable tights.

I went to Boston as counsel for Camille d'Arville, against whom E. E. Rice had secured an injunction. The case came on for trial before Judge Oliver Wendell Holmes, son of the renowned author of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," and a most excellent jurist, whose services have since been rewarded by his appointment to the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States. Miss d'Arville had been engaged as a prima donna by Rice by a written two-years' contract at a stupendous salary. She had been assigned to the leading part in "Little Christopher," a burlesque which had scored a great success in England. When she found that she would be expected to wear tights in this play, and that her lithographs in scanty attire would be displayed on every billboard, she firmly objected. She had a special reason to protest, as her young son was at high school in Boston, and she did not wish to have her pictures a subject of comment among the lad's fellow pupils. To dissolve the temporary injunction, which had been obtained by Mr. Rice, a speedy trial was had, and the case was bitterly fought. The trial lasted one week, one leading question being, the lexicographer's definition of the conjunctive words "prima donna," dictionaries taking the place of regulation law books in the court room. Nearly every musical leader in this country was examined as a witness, and the legal proceedings terminated by Judge Holmes vacating the injunction against my client, and rendering a verdict, which has ever since been followed.

Examples could be indefinitely multiplied to show that consistency is not alone not a jewel in the legal diadem, but that there are no end of unique unconventional reasons for actors and actresses coming into court with their grievances. In some legal frays the bitterness involved is really earnest, but take it all in all, no higher respecter of the laws of our country can be found than in that great happy army of camaraderie, best known as the "Theatrical Profession."

A. H. H.



ISABELLE EVERSON  
Leading woman with Proctor's Fifth Ave. Stock Company

# London Stage in Sheridan's Day



THE eighteenth century stage was not lacking in splendor, for the age was one of glitter and gaud, but throughout it all ran no keynote of harmony.

At the time of the production of General Burgoyne's indifferent comedy, "The Maid of Oaks," Garrick spent fifteen hundred pounds on the scenes alone, a sum which would not be inconsiderable at the present day when the purchasing power of money has decreased by half, while some eight years before he had given twice that amount to adequately stage the extravaganza, "A Chinese Festival;" and yet he dressed Macbeth in a suit of scarlet and gold. As we thumb old folios we can only marvel that such gross incongruities as Hamlet in a bag-wig, Cato in a flowered dressing-gown, Portia in a salmon-hued sack, and Cleopatra in a capriole and hoop skirt, could have escaped the attention of press, people and players. A very few of the guineas lavished on Burgoyne would have given tights to the Dane, a toga to the Roman and diaphanous drapery to the beautiful Queen of the Nile. Dr. Johnson, the pompous, saw Mercutio don a cocked hat, laced with gold, a Steinkerk cravat with flowing ends of Flanders lace, a velvet coat, and gold buckled shoes, and thought him none the worse for that. Some years later, Kemble played Hamlet with the riband of the garter beneath his knee, an honor which the melancholy prince might not have scorned, but surely could not have earned.

In matters of stage business, anachronism was equally striking and sometimes sounded even the depths of buffoonery. There was Barry's effect in "Alexander," of which O'Keefe said, "Not only is it beautiful, but never have I seen anything to equal it for simplicity." "In the triumphal entry into Babylon," says Doran, "he was drawn down the stage in his car by uniformed soldiers. When he alighted to address them, each man placed his hand upon some portion of the chariot, the machinery of which broke up into war accoutrements; the wheels into bucklers, the axles into sheaves of spears, the body of the vehicle into swords, javelins, lances, standards, etc. All which likely work having been accomplished, and the soldiers having arranged themselves in battle array, Alexander addressed his easily provided army amid a hurricane of applause." Then there was old Mossop, who, in "Macbeth," invariably broke his prepared truncheon over the messenger's head, without ever reflecting that the cheapest of cast iron is supposedly tougher than the

best of skulls, and Quin, who, as Falstaff, disdained the tree stump prescribed by the author and sat on the battlefield in a red velvet chair.

As though this was not enough, some beauty of the theatre delivered a prologue before the play began, and some other stepped out of her rôle of tears that tragedy might come to a fitting end in an epilogue of more or less blatant comedy. What fair actress of heavy parts would to-day conclude her performances as did sweet Anne Oldfield the rôle of Andromache with such nauseous lines as—

"I hope you'll own that with becoming art  
I've played my game and topped the widow's part.  
My spouse, poor man, could not live out the play,  
But died commodiously on wedding day,

While I, his relict, made at one bold  
fling  
Myself a princess and young Sty a  
king."

Well might we say with Home—

—“Tis most absurd  
With comic wit to contradict the strain  
Of tragedy and make your sorrows  
vain.”

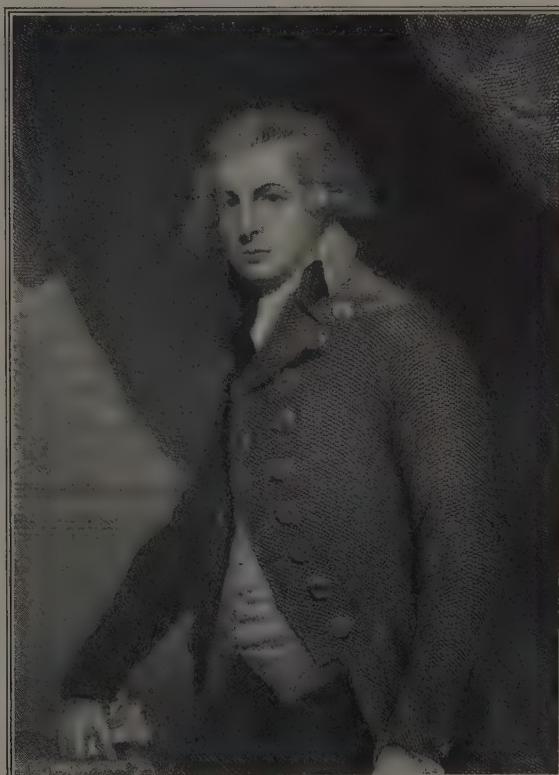
—for it would seem that not even the crystallization of the art of the stage could withstand such odds, but in those days laughter was held to follow tears as rightfully as sunshine follows rain.

In this hasty pudding of incongruity but one thing struck the immortal Garrick as worthy of change, and that was the custom of selling seats on the stage, which had proved a source of great annoyance to both players and audience. The best of efforts must go for naught if tipsy gallants were to be allowed to ogle Ophelia and curse Laertes. Worse had happened. Once, in Dublin, when Garrick was playing Lear to Mrs. Woffington's Cordelia, a too amorous beau seized and held her in his arms while she struggled to

respond to the reproaches of her parent. It was in Dublin, too, that radiant George Anne Bellamy felt on her neck the all chaste kiss of a wine-flushed admirer, and more than once duels were fought on the boards to the dismay of Hamlet in his soliloquy, or Marc Anthony in his oration. At the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, a noble but drunken earl, passed between Macbeth and his lady to speak to a friend in the wings.

"Sir," said Rich, the manager, who stood near, "for this breach of manners you shall never again be permitted here."

My lord slapped Rich and Rich slapped my lord. Up jumped my lord's friends, with swords bared, and out from the green-room came members of the company, similarly



Richard Brinsley Sheridan

armed. In the noble set-to which followed the beaux were driven off the stage and headlong into the street, where they rallied, stormed the house, broke the sconces, slashed the draperies, and were about to fire the theatre when a force of constables took them all to the lockup. "Very diverting," said the audience, but, in the meanwhile, what of Macbeth and his lady?

Garrick put an end to this abominable nuisance in 1762, but rather from motives of expediency than of art, for he still played Richard to a throng of courtiers in satin, patches, and powder. Although his genius led him to portray life in its natural semblance, rather than in the tragic strut and sonorous delivery of such players as Quin, still his artistic sense was

not offended by Juliet in a Tyburn cap. It is inconceivable that such a state of affairs should have entirely escaped the attention of such men as he and Goldsmith, Johnson, Sheridan, Walpole, all of the finest intellect, and all interested directly or indirectly in the drama. The explanation must lay in that informality which is bred of constant association. Theatres were few and actors and patrons were in rapport such as is impossible to-day. Those before the footlights were bound to those behind in a species of intellectual and Bohemian friendship, which made the play the thing and did away with all need of adventitious aids, just as we seek the society of a friend rather than his environment.

AUBREY LANSTON.

## George Bernard Shaw as a Person

By Gustav Kobbé

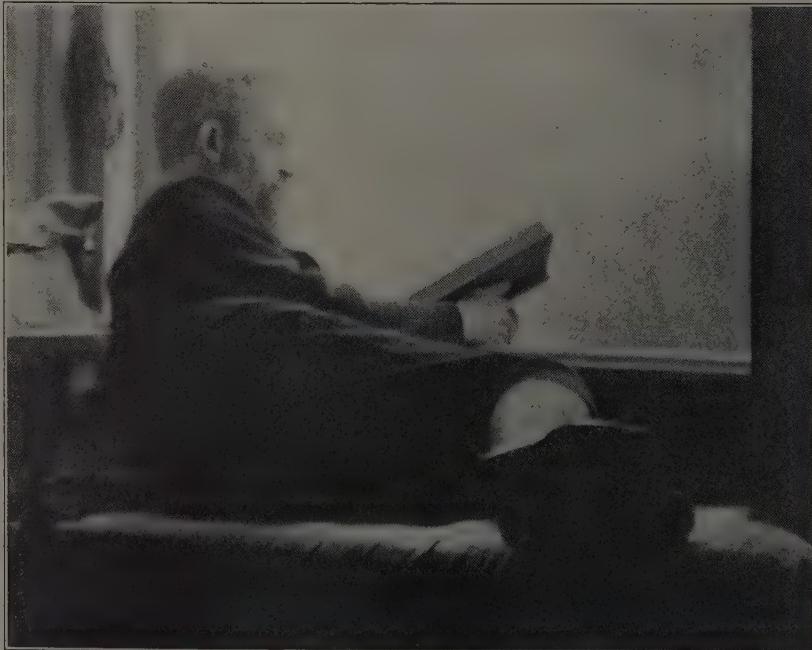
I CONFESS to a weakness, an amiable one, I trust, for desiring to ascertain something about the personality of distinguished people. By this I do not mean that I care especially to know what kind of breakfast food a poet patronizes, or whether this, that or the other famous actress uses soap that floats or soap that sinks. But I am interested in those personal traits of celebrated men and women which somehow seem reflected in their work. Such personal studies are temperamental, not mere idle gossip.

I have read much about George Bernard Shaw's plays and the characters in them—*f. i.*, Professor Archibald Henderson's interesting articles and Shaw's own letter to Huneker, in which he gave a wholly wrong analysis of his own *Candida*. This effort to cheat the first public that displayed a warm interest in his work out of the enjoyment it derived from the character of a delightful, because a wholesome, woman, betrays a personal cynicism which accounts for much that is cynical in his writings. A succession of audiences indicate their appreciation of a play which is above the heads of the crowd, and their reward is an attempt on the part of the author to "string" them. Truly Shawian, is it not?

However, Shaw is not a sham. He may have his con-

temptuous sport with the public that supports him (as Wagner did), but in the main his cynicism is aimed at the exposure of sham. And this, not only in persons, but also in things. Thus in the stage directions of "You Never Can Tell," which Arnold Daly is to produce this season, he describes, among other fittings of a dentist's office, an "ormolu clock, under a glass case, its uselessness emphasized by a cheap American clock disrespectfully placed beside it." The ormolu clock is one of the fittings which is supposed to give a veneer of "early Victorian commercial respectability" to the dental parlor, in other words, a sham, and hence a target for Shaw's cynic shafts.

When Arnold Daly visited Shaw last summer, he found several indications that cynicism and Fabian socialism are not unprofitable. Shaw lives in large apartments in the New Reform Club, overlooking the Thames embankment, and he has a country place at Welwin, too. Our authors do not yet affect residences on Riverside Drive, with a rural estate thrown in. However, again, there is no sham in the interior of Shaw's places of abode. There is a complete absence of the cheap aesthetic or of superfluous ornamentation. Simplicity of outline distinguishes such ornaments as there are. Handles, incrustations and the like are eschewed. Shaw ex-



George Bernard Shaw reading in his "den"

plained to Daly that he wished nothing in his abode that would collect dust. Even rugs are tabooed.

The actor who introduced "Candida" to American audiences did not find the author a poseur, but simply a man who was not an ordinary man. On the whole, Shaw was satisfied with the criticisms of "Candida" in the American papers, but delivered himself of the opinion that he could have written better ones. He also remarked, in a casual way, that he was disappointed at having been "discovered" while still living. He had hoped that event might have been postponed until some years after his death.

Possibly he does not think that even now he really has been

"discovered." He may believe that the "Candida" audiences were part of the sham. And it may have been for that reason he tried to fool them with his alleged revelation of Candida, and to satirize them to their faces in his "How He Lied to Her Husband."

Sham or no sham, however, a Shaw in our own country would be as impossible as a Whistler, who, though an American, had to leave us to find in England a suitable background and properly adjusted settings for his eccentricities. In this country, somehow, no genius ever seems to have thought it worth while to pose as queer. I suppose we keep our geniuses too busy.

## Woman and Superwoman

(With apologies to George Bernard Shaw)

*WHEN conditions had changed from what they are to-day, the Government brought Superman and Superwoman together and made them Superman and wife. Naught was said between them, but by their silent consent they showed their patriotic zeal and their super-human superiority. Now there came a time not long after when Superwoman found herself alone one day in a long hall, dedicated by the Government to such as she, and even as we, when time hangs heavily, often read to forget ourselves, so she began a tale of when man and woman occupied the earth. She pondered over this story of love, and some of the words seemed strange to her and vague of meaning at the first. When she had finished, the gathering gloom was creeping down the hall, yet she sat and thought, the forefinger of her right hand marking the happy end. Now and then a wistful, hungering look betokened Superwoman weakness, as she spoke:*

How strange the tale: how very strange this love  
That used to bring a quiver to the heart  
Of woman; yet tho' weak of her, no doubt,  
Had I a heart like hers, this void I feel  
Would change to woman's love and tenderness.  
I wonder what it is they call a blush?  
This poet sings: "The red rose on her breast  
Was naught beside the wild joy in her face."  
But then he says: "She trembled at his touch,  
And e'en a white rose, bending in the dawn,  
Was naught beside the palor of her cheek."

Perhaps a blush was but a woman's way  
Of showing man the mystery of love.  
I see her, fragile, timid in her grace  
Before the boldness of the world. Suppose  
They robbed her of her heart and made her strong,  
Unyielding to the silences of love,  
With superwoman instinct for a mate,—  
I wonder should she find this life so drear,  
For lack of what the poet calls a soul.  
She cried for love: Ah me, those tears, those tears!  
These women cried for grief sometimes, 'tis said.  
And oh! the glory of her eyes and his!  
And oh! the secret of her touch and his!  
How strange the tale: I wonder if 'tis cold  
Like this, when love comes to the heart and soul;  
I wonder if the tears of joy bring pain,  
Like tears of grief—I wonder—  
Ah, how good it must have been  
To be a woman!

*She buried her face in her hands, and the Romance fell to the floor.  
Down the long hall a line of Superwomen came, their way lighted by  
tapers; they found the lonely figure bowed and weeping, and instinctively  
they drew away as though from some dread disease; they had  
seen a woman, though they knew it not.*

MONROE J. MOSES.



MRS. GILBERT

MARIE DORO

SCENE IN CLYDE FITCH'S PLAY, "GRANNY," WRITTEN FOR THE FAREWELL TOUR OF MRS. GILBERT

# Stage Fright and Its Horrors

"I T'S no use, Ellen. I'm flummuxed."

Edmund Kean, after a vain struggle with a new part in a London theatre, while his wife from the wings womanfully prompted him, thus defined stage fright. "Flummuxed" to Edmund Kean was a superlative. It presented the greatest heights of elation flung in one cruel second to the lowest depths of despair, as the topmost boulder of a towering Alp is carried in a swift, demoniac slide to the soundless depths of a crevasse.

More wordily, though not more expressively, a writer has described stage fright as "A nervous convulsion peculiar to the stage," and adds, "The sufferers from which cannot describe its symptoms." Perhaps the descriptions are not commensurate with the sufferings, but they are sometimes picturesque.

Maxine Elliott's dark eyes grow darker with reminiscent horror and her face pales at the mention of a first night, especially a first night in New York.

"I would rather be run over by a locomotive," she says, and Virginia Harned, with the same note of terror in her voice, says, "I would rather be torn limb from limb."

David Warfield can eat nothing the day of an opening, and Wilton Lackaye never takes any nourishment except soup for twenty-four hours before the awful event.

"What's the use?" he says, with a shrug that invokes memories of certain useless meals within the limit set by his nature, or the nature of his nervousness.

Max Figman says, "On the day of an opening I am a fit subject for an ambulance." Anna Held says: "I am always nervous in a new part. I tremble. So! You see? I feel that I am what you call a frost. I stammer and sing stupidly always, and my dresses seem weighted with lead. I am a silly amateur at a first night."

Marie Dressler made her audience shout with delight when she made her entrance recently at her début at Weber & Ziegfeld's music hall, this because, with one grave look about the house, she dropped to her knees and began picking up potatoes. "The fact is," said Miss Dressler, "when I saw the audience I forgot my lines, and I began picking up potatoes to give me time to remember them. Since it brought a laugh,

we have kept on with it, but the truth is it was an accidental hit due to stage fright."

Mrs. Fiske, writing some time ago in the *Critic* on this subject, said:

"One actor is stimulated by the excitement of a first night performance to do his best, and all the conditions of such an event seem to inspire his most artistic efforts. On the other hand, another actor is depressed by the excitement of such an event, and fails utterly in a character those attributes that study, ability and purpose may have promised."

Mrs. Fiske admitted that she belonged to the latter unfortunate class, and had passed through strange experiences in consequence. She continued:

"To a player unhappily affected on a first night, the conditions seem to be abnormal, and they are destructive of confidence and a weight on the spirit. The excitement, the preliminary hurry, the worry over things that may go wrong, and the general nervousness—for even the players who pass through the ordeal successfully are themselves nervous before the play begins—all these things have a dispiriting, depressing and benumbing effect. The player who on a first night may be rendered inefficient by the peculiar influences of the occasion, may subsequently show the very best that is in him. Thus the temporary weakness must be accidental rather than a characteristic fault."

J. E. Dodson is the only actor the writer has ever known who denies an intimate and painful acquaintance

with stage fright, and Mr. Dodson admits that he is anxious about the verdict of the uncertain public. Stage fright, though, that dread paralysis of all the functions, he says he has not known for many years, not, in fact since Arthur Wing Pinero, the playwright, cured him, by a little carefully administered philosophy. The playwright met the actor the day before Mr. Dodson was to appear in a new play of Mr. Pinero's.

"How do you feel about your part, Doddie?" inquired Mr. Pinero.

"I—I—O, I don't know," Mr. Dodson answered in manifest fear of what the morrow might bring to him.

"Don't you know your part?"



MISS ANNA HELD

This sprightly young actress admits that she dreads the ordeal of a first night

"Oh, yes."

"And don't you know your 'business'?"

"Yes."

"Don't you know exactly what you are going to do, and when you are going to do it?"

"Certainly."

"Then what are you worrying about?"

"Truly," Mr. Dodson said, "what was I worrying about? And from that time I have never known stage fright. Anxiety? Yes, for we never know what the verdict of the public will be. But stage fright, I believe, is largely due to being somewhat unprepared, uncertain, to trusting too much to the inspiration of the moment, which is as safe as embarking on a ship with rotten timbers. The cure for stage fright I have found is to be sure of everything you are going to do."

Quite contrary was this view of John Coleman, the English actor, who said: "Try to imagine awakening after a heavy night spent with cheap, sparkling brown sherry, gin and bitters, red heart rum and fusel oil, whiskey and British brandy, opium and Epsom salts, your head splitting, your eyes bloodshot, your nostrils choked, your mouth baked in a red-hot oven, limbs paralyzed, muscles corrugated, vertebræ dislocated, tongue tied in a knot, cold, fever, bronchitis, influenza, delirium, and despair, all combined with acute susceptibility and perfect consciousness. Realize, if you can, that at that instant the prompter's bell rings to take up the curtain, and that you are airing your idiocy before the British public and the lady of your love to boot, then you may perhaps form some faint idea of the first phase of this diabolical malady. And now, oh stage struck aspirant, if you wish to know an infallible remedy for stage fright, here is one never known to fail. Don't go on the stage."

Equally harrowing is the picture drawn by Ellen Terry.

"You are standing apparently quiet and in your right mind, when you suddenly feel as if your tongue had



Gessford

MISS GENEVIEVE FINLEY  
Now appearing in "The Cingalee"

become dislocated and was lying powerless in your mouth. Cold shivers begin to creep downward from the nape of your neck and all up you at the same time, until they seem to meet in the small of your back. About this time you begin to feel as if a centipede, all of whose feet had been carefully iced, had begun to run about the roots of your hair. Your next agreeable sensation is the breaking out of cold perspiration all over you. Then you feel as though somebody had cut the muscles at the back of your knees, your mouth begins slowly to open without giving utterance to a single sound, and your eyes seem inclined to jump out of your head over the footlights. At this period it is well to get off the stage as quickly as possible—you are far beyond the hope of any human help."

On one occasion charming Miss Terry followed literally this advice of hers, for having reached the period when she was "beyond the hope of any human help," she dragged her-

self off the stage, seized the prompt book, called for a glass of water as a first aid to articulation, walked back upon the stage and was again Ellen Terry. Less fortunate was the late William Terriss, who, endeavoring to speak the line, "Straight before us like two stars of hope we saw the harbor lights," substituted thus unhappily: "Straight before us like two bars of soap we saw the harbor lights."

Stage fright, it has been pointed out, is of two varieties. That which is so common as to be nearly universal is the nervousness incident to opening in a new play or a new city, especially in a metropolis whose verdict is fatal. The other is due to some sudden shock or temporary mental or physical incapacity.

Dr. Carleton Simon, the neurologist, says that stage fright manifests itself in one of three forms, either by loss of memory as in the case cited of Miss Terry; of substitution, as in Mr. Terriss' transformation of "stars of hope" to "bars of soap," and of impediment of speech, which locks lost words in the throat and turns the key of temporary paralysis upon



The Four Tea Girls in "The Cingalee"

them. Stage fright affects different temperaments in the same degree, but with different outward symptoms," said Dr. Simon to the writer recently. The nervous, emotional temperament, of which Mrs. Leslie Carter is an example, usually manifests it by a deadly pallor. The blood rushes from the surface of the body to the internal organs, leaving the skin ghastly. Persons of this type often suffer from loss of memory, or, to use a stageism, 'go up in their lines.' The heart seems to miss a beat. There is a temporary psychical paralysis affecting first the mind and later the body.

"The phlegmatic type, to which William Gillette seems to belong, shows stage fright first by the symptom of a flushed face. The blood rushes from the brain to the surface of the body. The mouth seems parched and the tongue thickens. There is increased heart action, a tension of the features and contraction of the muscles of the throat. Resultant, of course, is embarrassment of speech, shown especially by the substitution of one word for another." Among our woman stars, Julia Marlowe is not exempt from stage fright. The young

actress described her symptoms to the writer as follows:

"My hands are always cold when I am on the stage, but the form of stage fright that makes a player forget his lines I have never had. I have grown more and more anxious about a production as I have grown older, and realize the tremendousness of the undertaking. As a child, when I played a sailor boy, and afterwards Sir Joseph Porter in 'Pinafore,' writing my lines on my cuffs, I was not in the least nervous. I was bold with the over-confidence of a child. In my first eight years on the stage I played thirty parts, all Shakespearean or the classic drama. I was youthful and over-confident, having no notion of the magnitude of the meaning of Shakespeare's splendid lines. But when I played Juliet last month in New York, I was terribly anxious the first night. An artist has at the back of his head a perfect knowledge of what he intends to do, and that does not mean that he will be mechanical, but he is

not sure that the audience will like what he intends to do, and this is the secret of stage fright."

ADA PATTERSON.



EDWARD B. MARTINELLI  
Now playing in George Ade's piece, "The Sho-Gun"

## American Dramatists Honor George Ade at Delmonico's

**A**HUNDRED men, all prominent in the world of the theatre, in literature, art, and other professions, assembled at Delmonico's on November 6 at a dinner given to George Ade by the American Dramatists' Club. Bronson Howard, Henry W. Savage, Homer Davenport, John Kendrick Bangs, Charles Battell Loomis, Edward E. Kidder, Raymond Hitchcock, W. H. Crane, Eugene Presbrey, J. I. C. Clarke, and Melville E. Stone made speeches, each paying a glowing tribute to Mr. Ade's success.

What any dramatic author might reasonably consider the reward of a lifetime's devotion to his craft has come to George Ade after a brief apprenticeship of three years, and if we may judge by the quality of his work and its popularity with the public, he is as yet only on the threshold of a long and brilliant career as a writer of plays for the American stage.

But what we may ask ourselves is this: Will Mr. Ade turn his success to good account in the best interests of the American drama? Now that he has a public, will he endeavor to educate the taste of that public for something more substantial, something higher than the vacuous, inconsequential form of entertainment so much in vogue on our stage today? As we understand it, Mr. Ade's present plan is to portray in his pieces certain well-known American types, to satirize certain American institutions. And he succeeds admirably! But let us hope that this work—excellent as it is of its kind—is only preliminary to more serious work to come. In an article written last month for the THEATRE MAGAZINE, Mr. Ade disclaimed any ambition of serious intent in playmaking. This, probably, is only modesty on his part. While throwing to us those lighter pieces that merely amuse, he is doubtless

already evolving plays that will make us think.

No thoughtful man can fail to be discouraged at the anaemic condition of our drama, at the growing scarcity of good actors, at the general deterioration and degradation of our stage. Who is to blame? Our dramatic authors, perhaps, more than our managers. The American theatrical manager is frankly a man of affairs. He is in it "to make money." The American dramatic author has higher ambitions, loftier ideals. If he has not these ambitions, these ideals—then he is not an author in the sense that Sheridan, Dumas, Augier, Pinero, Ibsen, are authors, but a mere purveyor of theatrical spectacles. Can we picture Mr. Ibsen writing a play to order?

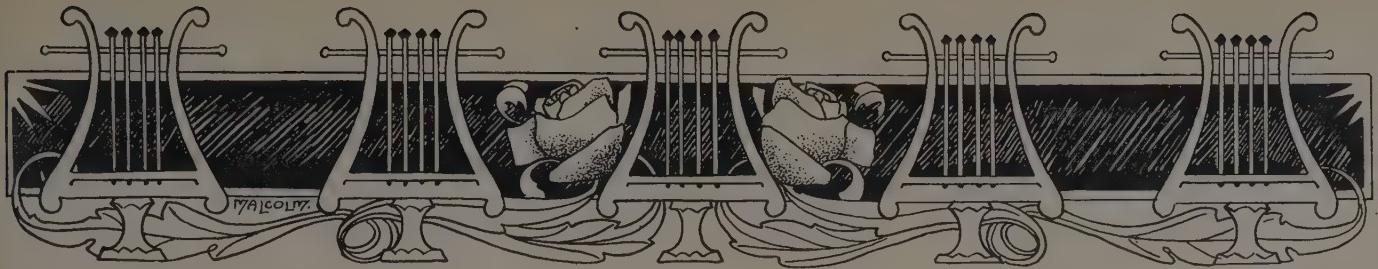
But, alas! the money fever has seized many of our fashionable playwrights, and we find most of them wasting their talent on the veriest hack work, turning out two or three plays a season for so-called stars, thus prostituting themselves and their art in efforts that usually result in failure. And these authors cannot even urge the excuse of necessity, for they are all rich! Let us look abroad! Take the examples of the successful German and French dramatists—Sudermann and Rostand. Does money tempt them to write tailor-made plays when inspiration is lacking? No! Rostand has produced nothing for three years, yet in all that time has been writing, writing, and one day soon the entire world will be discussing another masterpiece.

In George Ade we hail another standard-bearer of the dignified American drama. His graceful wit, his keen satire, his gift of fine observation—in a word, his genius—put at the service of our stage, gives promise for the future upraising of the dramatic art in America.

A. H.







# Music and Mechanics

IS THE UNDERSTANDING OF MECHANICS AN ADVANTAGE TO PIANO STUDENTS?

By Josef Hofmann

THE pianoforte is a physical apparatus for the generation of sound waves by means of a stroke or attack. The art of piano playing must, therefore, stand in close connection with physical laws, and the understanding thereof is of great advantage to the student. This condition naturally applies only to the purely mechanical side of pianoforte playing. Strictly speaking, however, everything that the fingers of the executant perform upon the instrument is entirely of a mechanical nature; for even

the emotional features, which at times move the listener to tears, depend actually upon certain dynamic and rhythmic conditions which may be regarded as equally mechanical.

This exposition of the Art of Pianoforte playing appears somewhat dry. Nevertheless, it can readily be tolerated when one realizes that the instrument, as such, only serves as a medium between the performer and the listener; that it can be justly looked upon as a machine without thereby bringing into close touch either the art or the artist. On the other hand, how much more to the credit of the performer when, through the power of his genius, he is capable of transforming a merely mechanical reading into a soulful utterance!

Of course, it is hardly possible to attain this when one is not familiar with the nature of the pianoforte from its mechanical viewpoint, and the strongest imagination of the player will fail to assist him in overcoming this obstacle. I will go more closely into this consideration.

The imagination of the player demands a distinct acoustical picture. The piano works in opposition to his own natural indolence. This purely mechanical indolence can only be met in a purely mechanical manner, and if the player be unacquainted with the foundation, then his entire fancy will fail to help him, and he will ever remain an unhappy dilettante. If, however, he understands the principles of dynamics and kinetics, then will he discover many correlative points which may be of the utmost service in the development of his piano-playing gifts.

In what relation, however, do certain features of the pianoforte stand to those of purely physical nature, as, for instance,

do those of an engine or motor?

In order to illustrate this question, I must begin by comparing the velocity of the fingers on the piano with the movement and speed of the piston of an engine. If the fingers are moved slowly on the keyboard, they must be raised to a height that will correspond with that speed. As the pace is accelerated the height must be reduced, so that the raising of the fingers may continue in proportion to the increased speed. If this strictly mechanical principle be not followed, then only a limited degree of velocity can be attained.

In mechanics, this corresponds with the idea of the piston-working engine, wherein the slow runners are those which

work with the longer crank, whilst the so-called quick runners employ the shorter crank. Moreover, the action of moving the hand on the piano (from key to key) may be compared with the shooting of a projectile. In order to accomplish this movement with unfailing accuracy and the utmost economy of physical force, the player must reckon as exactly upon the direction as the descent of the hand, as well as upon the strength imparted to it at the outset. If, too, much or little strength be employed, if the descending curve be falsely calculated, the hand has to be stopped at the limit of the former by counter-force, which can easily result in a slip, apart from the fact that it is not economical.

In the launching of a projectile, which must fall upon a certain spot in order to fulfill its amiable purpose, all these points have to be kept in view, otherwise the projectile can also easily "strike a false note." Here, too, in things whose nature seems to lie far apart, there reigns a certain analogy.

In regard to the precision of the fingers, I demand from the piano-player the

same precise brain function as in the mechanical arrangement of a thought-out theory of construction. In a faulty connection between brain and fingers, resulting in a given impulse on the part of the actuating brain-centre, there occurs a hesitation in the corresponding movement of the fingers. The delay thus caused, namely, that the fingers do not work simultaneously with the brain, gives rise to the condition known in mechanics as the "tote Spiel," and which there arises from badly-fitting joints, cogwheels, bolts, screws, etc. This condition, alike in piano-playing and mechanics, constitutes an



Copyright, N. Sarony  
Josef Hofmann at the  
time of his first visit  
to America in 1888



Photo A. Lambert      JOSEF HOFMANN  
Showing the muscular development of this famous pianist's  
right arm

elimination of the precise function of the guiding factors.

In conclusion, I come to the relationship between strength and speed in pianoforte playing, once more comparing the mechanical principle with that operating in certain machines, such as steam or benzine engines, and especially in electric motor work.

If a particular passage in some composition be played with a certain strength, whilst maintaining a certain speed, any increase of that speed must be accompanied by a corresponding diminution in the strength, in order that the strength of the whole may be made to appear the same. Without this a *crecendo*, or an unintentional *forte*, would necessarily result. On the other hand, by the use of increasing strength one can "retard" at a given place in a piece without the fact being noticed. It is evident, therefore, that there exists a relationship not only in mechanics, but in pianoforte playing between speed and power. This can be illustrated by the working of motors, of whatever kind, but above all the electric, which by the act of augmenting its turning gear increases its inner resistance,

and in this case requires less supply of energy per revolution than before.

The student who recognizes this can, through theoretical comparison, clear up many difficult problems, and I should hail it with joy were the many pianoforte students of to-day (old ones not excepted) to devote themselves to the study of physics instead of to useless novels.

All the examples and statements here put forward (and apart from them there are hundreds of moments for comparison) are the results of observations which I have made in pianoforte work as well as in my own study of physics, not mere hypotheses or newly invented methods which are the outcome of fantastic ideas. The purely technical side of pianoforte-playing is absolutely mechanical (the interpretation naturally excepted), and therefore I cry: "Piano students, take physics for your hand book!"

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Mr. Josef Hofmann wrote the above article in the German language and we are indebted to Mr. Hermann Klein, the well known musician and author, for its excellent and faithful translation.

## "Symbolism" in Modern Music

A MONG the many fetishes of modern days—the newspaper, the view of the majority, superficial education, hare-like speed (directed by analogous brains), high trade-tariffs, standing armies, indecent, unhealthy ball-dresses, patent medicines—there are several, of minor popularity, appertaining to the arts. "Symbolism," "impressionism," and some other confusionisms, though not enjoying the universal acclaim devoted to the penny propagator of credulity or the fashionable disseminator of pneumonia and prurience, yet count a goodly number of adherents. In the realm of music we encounter an idol before which the faithful sink prostrate to the very dust of humble surrender, exclaiming: Oh,

*Leitmotif*, we worship thee!

Now here counsel is given all practical people, as hangmen, insurance agents, manufacturers—whether of trade-tariffs or patent medicines—to read no further, for what follows concerns simply things that do not matter much. The present writer happens to like the unimportant, though he prefers the fantastic, and dotes upon the absurd. So, exonerated from any suspicion of foolish common sense, he feels free to proceed with his theme—his *Leitmotif*. A *Leitmotif* is, in

fact, a recurrent musical theme. It is, however, more than a given set of notes repeated in various forms. It rejects the restriction of standing as a mere sequence of sounds. It claims definite significance: a human emotion, a phenomenon of nature, a person, a beast, an implement, or what not. Lohengrin's warning to Elsa against curiosity, "Ne'er shalt thou voice the question" (as to his name and origin), translated into music by a peculiar series of seven notes, is heard frequently during the opera. The sinister, heavy-browed Hunding, Sieglinde's savage consort, finds embodiment in a musical portrait contrived by a certain arrangement of nine notes. The hammering of Mime, the smith; the up-darting flames summoned by Wotan to encircle the slumberer Brünnhilde; the twitter of forest birds; an invincible sword; a monstrous, angry, steaming dragon; the cloud-careering Valkyries, those amazons of the air—all are somehow represented or rendered, depicted or described, through orchestral devices.

But is the representing, describing faculty of music truly so literal, so exact, so determined?

Logic would aver that an orchestra could do no more than make sounds, and that sounds could go no further than to imitate other sounds. A piccolo might approximate the piping of a bird, a big drum the roll of distant artillery, violins the wailing of the wind. And of a few other sounds, equally common, an orchestra might provide acceptable illusion. But what of the infinite varieties remain-



Famous Dutch-room in the Hotel Stratford, Chicago, a favorite resort of travelling players. Here one may meet the best-known players on the American stage—Richard Mansfield, William Gillette, Lou Harrison, Kyrie Bellew, James K. Hackett, Henry E. Dixey, Wilton Lackaye, Louis Mann, Henry Miller and others.



MISS PAULINE SLOSSON

Ohio girl who has won a reputation in the West as concert soprano. She began her career as a child pianist and later went on the comic opera stage. For the last few years she has been identified chiefly with church and concert work.

poses something to be played over and over again by fifty fiddles and flutes, basses, bassoons, kettledrums, clarionets, triangles, trumpets, trombones, and wants to persuade you that while this something is in process of intonation you cannot but imagine a troop of horses galloping overhead through the air, with armored women on their backs, carrying away the corpses of dead warriors thrown across the saddle-bows. In reality, to whatever degree you were delighted or excited, amazed or dazed, by the crashing splendors of the Ride of the Valkyries, if uninitiated you never would perceive its meaning.

**Collateral evidence:** During a performance of Richard Strauss' orchestral piece, "Don Quixote," and when, according to the "analytical" programme (which declared that "each variation portrayed an incident in the novel"), the Knight of the Melancholy Countenance had already been "reading books of chivalry," "knocked down by the sails" of windmills, "upbraiding Sancho Panza for preferring the easy and comfortable realities of life" to the ideal—it was then that a lady seated next to the present writer asked the loan of his programme. The lady perused the sheet, returned it, and said: "Thank you. I wanted to find out what the music was about." Her subsequent remarks showed her a favorite frequenter of concerts; still, she was deaf to the intention of those orchestral sounds until after being informed what they professed to signify.

**Contradictory evidence:** An acquaintance of ours played a composition of his own upon the piano to a circle of music lovers, asking them to guess the title of the piece. One answered, "Regret," another, "Disappointment," a third, "Re-

ing—the smash of a falling tree, water boiling, a sail flapping, a carriage driving, the tramp of a regiment, a horse's neigh, and thus on and on? Then, if it be impossible, or at best problematical, to reproduce that sole, familiar, equine characteristic, how distinguish between a mare and a gelding; a Percheron and an Arab; a horse running free on the prairie and a horse tied by a rope in a stable; a spirited three-year-old sorrel prancing at the starting post for the Derby, and a woe-begone, ancient bay hobbling down a desolate mountain ravine of Persia? Nonetheless, Herr Wagner com-

morse." The rest of the company were unable to give opinions. The composer announced: "'Remorse' is the correct name." Therefore music seems capable of rendering moods and emotions. But is it not limited to creating vague, uncertain impressions of a few mental states? How are even such ordinary manifestations as vanity, jealousy, indifference, suspicion, irony, forgiveness, impudence, to be recognizably expressed?

**Summing up:** You cannot make a dictionary out of tin, wood, and the guts of dead cats.

A *Leitmotif* is a very short, usually unfinished, melody, sometimes an ingenious, often an ugly, and nearly always an unsuccessful attempt to turn sounds into facts. Neither a *Leitmotif* nor any other combination of tones has the right to exist unless it bears the distinction of admirable music. Mime's ceaseless tinkering on six notes throughout the first act of "Siegfried" becomes a nightmare of eternal monotony; in "Parsifal," the four ascending notes believed by gullible persons to represent a crystal cup containing drops of blood far from satisfy one's taste for a good tune. There, indeed, lies the whole story. Inventing a certain arrangement of a few notes; labeling the result as a definite mental or material conception; tooting, drumming, fiddling the affair fifty times over, and afterwards explaining what you mean by talking about it, or by writing in a book or pamphlet or essay—does not make a good tune. Chopin's Funeral March, Händel's Largo from "Xerxes," Rubinstein's Melody in F, the Marseillaise, the Despair Song in "Tosca" (E lucevan le stelle), the serenade preceding "Cavalleria Rusticana," the septette concluding the first act of "Tannhäuser," Isolde's Death Song—these are good tunes. They stand by themselves as such; repeated or not they are worthy of remembrance; they need no vindication. They enchant the ear, and thus fulfil the proper purpose of music.

LIONEL STRACHEY.

Richard Strauss is working on a new opera, "Salome," based on the Wilde play of that name. It will be produced soon in Munich and other cities.

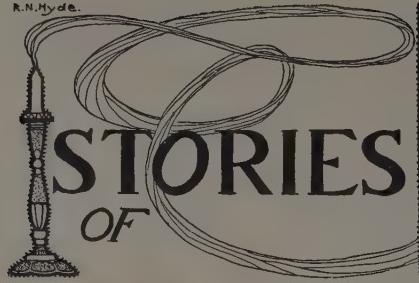
Hermann Sudermann is writing a drama with a modern plot, treating of an ethical problem. It will be produced shortly at the Lessing Theatre, Berlin.

Former Lieutenant Bilse's new military drama, "A Autumn Fruit," had its first performance at Hanover on November 12.

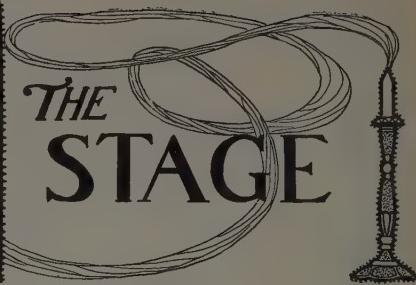
At the Savoy Theatre, London, on Nov. 14, was seen Mrs. James Brown Potter's first London production of "For Church or Stage," which she had previously produced in the provinces. The play met with a somewhat mixed reception, but, according to report, Mrs. Brown Potter was well received.



CAMPBELL GOLLAN  
Now appearing in "The Music Master" at Belasco's Theatre



**The Defection of Zaza**  
 An Idyl of a One Night Stand  
 By ANNA MARBLE



**I**T was noon meal hour in the dining-room of the United States Hotel at Skeeginac.

The head waitress strutted noiselessly about ushering guests into undesirable seats with a complaisance that defied protest.

A commercial man, sitting near an electric fan, which lifted the edge of his toupee embarrassingly, ventured a mild dissent. The head waitress pushed back

his chair, and with a smile of light sarcasm promenaded the full length of the dining-room, followed by the crestfallen drummer, whom she seated with a warning flourish of the hand close to the swinging doors of the kitchen, whence a steaming odor of food emanated, in unsavory waves, at each exit and entrance of the waitresses. Then she retired with a withering glance of offended dignity to her post by the doorway, there to lay in wait for other diners.

The incident of the rebellious drummer had happened at an unfortunate time. Not that the head waitress was unequal to emergencies of that sort; as a rule, she rather enjoyed such breaks into the routine monotony of her duties, since she was thus afforded the center of the stage and managed usually to come out ahead when it came to a question of disputed authority. But to-day the urbanity that proclaimed her sureness of her throne was lacking, and when "Daisy," the little waitress with the big pompadour clattered through the swinging doors on her high heels, and pausing to smirk at a cigar salesman, allowed a large, three-cornered slice of watermelon to slip from her tray with a thud, the ire of the head waitress rose to the point of expression.

"Daisy," with admirable nonchalance, set out deftly twenty tiny dishes containing samples of various foods in front of the prospective diner, and then, in response to an unpropitious nod from the head waitress, tripped mincingly across the room.

"I told you about them high heels, Daisy Thompson, yesterday, I believe."

The last phrase, frequently employed by the head waitress as an elegant embellishment to her remarks, had been overheard and annexed promptly from the conversation of an actress who had once remained over night at the hotel.

"Daisy" rearranged the broad bow which tied her diminutive apron.

"I got a new pair, but they hurt me feet," she avowed.

Was this to be further mutiny? The head waitress' expression was one of great distress.

"You needn't tell me no more lies, please. If them things doesn't pain your feet, it ain't likely common-sense heels will. Common sense ain't never hurt your head, and I guess it won't hurt your feet."

The logic was unanswerable. "Daisy" waited silently for an opportunity to return to her work, but the head waitress fixed a detaining glance upon the saucy bit of blue silk that did duty

as a sort of figurehead in Daisy's pompadour. There was no getting away from that glance.

"I ain't goin' to stand for no more spilling," announced the head of the dining-room, in staccato accents. "Last night Zaza dropped a bowl of cornmeal mush in the night clerk's lap, and you might as well understand—"

"Have you given Zaza her month's notice, Miss Flick?" Daisy ventured an interruption by way of turning the channels of her superior's wrath.

"You girls has been talking about her again, I bet," was the sharp reply.

"Well, Kittie Shine and Maggie Webster has threatened to leave if you don't discharge her. As for me" (with a toss of the blue silk bow) "I ain't never worked yet in no place where the people wasn't respectable."

"You better wait on No. 3 table over there; nobody's took their order yet." The head waitress looked serious as her underling obeyed.

Left to herself, she faced a problem that for days past had taxed the limited resources of her reasoning.

"Zaza," so nicknamed since the advent of a Number 7 theatrical company, which had displayed the title on local fences beneath the portrait of an auburn-haired lady, was a pale, freckled-faced girl with a shock of uncompromising red hair. She was taciturn and unpopular. Her work was accomplished with absolute disregard to the possibility of lessening its drudgery. This in itself was an offense to the others, who found in the gratification of small feminine vanities and the interest attached to personal adornment a pleasant alleviation of labor, and who regarded Zaza's heresy in these matters as a mute reproach, a pharisaism that merited their resentment.

The ball given by the State Association of Lady Waitresses Zaza had not only refused to attend, but had positively refused to contribute toward. From this point her unpopularity had waxed.

"Daisy," whose heart was bigger than the proportions of her slim waist indicated, had on one occasion proffered her services and the benefit of her taste in the matter of arranging a new coiffure for Zaza, whose coarse, ruddy hair was worn in an uncompromising, tightly-wound coil at the most unbecoming curve of her head. Everything about the girl was uncompromising, even her curt refusal of Daisy's kindly offer.

Personal unpopularity will offset good service in any profession, and thus it was that the whispers of unfriendly comment in the dining-room grew to openly expressed hostility as days went on.

(Continued on page vi.)



# PACKER'S



**TAR SOAP**  
PURE AS THE PINES



## The Defection of Zaza

(Continued from page 326.)

It was Maggie Webster who first gathered the reins of gossip and drove it straight under the upraised brows of the head waitress.

"That's what they say," was the time-worn phrase with which Maggie interlarded her accusations, as she was "setting" her table for supper, "an' you know, Miss Flick, she never would come to the hotel to live. Now, you do know that, don't you? And what's more, I jes' took it into my head to find out where she does live, an' I followed her home one night, an' she lives down there in one of them ramshackle boardin' houses by the X., L. & W.'s tracks."

"Well, there ain't anything disrespectful about that. I be—lieve," retorted the head waitress, moved to momentary pity at sight of the discussed one, who was engaged in cleaning silver at the other end of the room, and whose face looked particularly haggard in the half light of a darkening day.

"Well, Miss Flick," went on the informer, thrusting a red bordered napkin into a tumbler, as she spoke, "it's just come to this, that me and Kittie are going to give notice unless she quits."

"Oh, you are, are you?" said the head waitress, opening her eyes at Maggie portentously. "And where are you two thinking of going? Back to ironing in the State Almshouse laundry, I be—lieve?"

The head waitress felt uncertain as to the aptness of her favorite phrase just here, but she was comforted with a sense of its impressiveness.

"No, we ain't, Miss Flick; we are thinking of goin' to the Battle House, down by the Junction. They're talkin' about makin' a change down there and puttin' in waitresses in place of niggers."

"Well," said the head waitress, placing a nickel-plated castor in the exact center of the checkered-board table cloth, and fixing the waitress on the other side with one of her compelling glances: "As far as she's concerned, you nor Kate Shine, nor no other waitress in this dining-room, ain't going to tell me my business. If she ain't respectable, she's goin', if she is, she's stayin', and there ain't nobody here that can dispute that, I be—lieve." And she polished off the pepper cruet in conscious pride of her dictation.

Maggie moved to another table further down the room and Miss Flick caught Zaza's eye and beckoned her.

"Look here, Zaza," she said with something less imperious than usual in her tone, "I don't know as you know, I mean to say, I don't understand if you heard anything,"—then she paused. It was not so easy telling a young woman that her associates in work believed her to be disreputable. Zaza glanced up sharply.

"Well," she said, looking straight into the eyes of the head waitress. The latter sneezed violently. "Laws! this pepper's hot," she exclaimed, by way of giving her mentality time to take firmer hold of the situation.

"I was going to say that the girls has been complaining of late—"

"Of me?" quickly and uncompromisingly from her listener.

"Yes, I guess you might as well know that there has been certain parties has complained about the black eye you had last week—and others has said you ought to be living in the hotel, so long as you are working here. Now, I ain't so awful partic'lar about you living here if you have folks to go home to, but there is some that says that you——"

"That I what?" Zaza's pale eyes did not waver.

"You never did tell nobdy how you got that black eye," went on Miss Flick weakly.

"It didn't concern nobdy."

"Well, you better git the rest of that silver cleaned, I be—lieve," said the head waitress, retiring with dignity.

"Girls," said the head waitress that evening, as attired in the acme of provincial elegance, with only the tiniest of lace aprons to officially indicate her humble calling, she stood gong in hand waiting to open the dining-room door, "I wish to git supper over on the minute of eight to-night. I am going to the Op'r House. That show is here that the advance agent give me passes for." When she went into the corridor, banging the

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Look! And that's the last straw. What do you think of it now!

A man had come out of the stage door, and catching sight of Zaza had suddenly paused. Taking her hand, he had drawn her aside from the group of loafers, and after talking to her for several moments, they walked down the street together.

"I'm going to follow them," announced Miss Flick. But Mr. Jones objected in the tone which Miss Flick knew she must respect. "Well, anyway, I'm going to see which way they go."

"I think, Caroline, we will return to the hotel," said Gussie with quiet authority.

Miss Flick's astonishment at what she had witnessed increased, when the couple ahead turned down the street in the direction of the hotel. It increased further when Zaza went up the wooden steps leading to the hotel porch and, followed by the man, disappeared in the darkness.

Although opposed by Mr. Jones, the head waitress insisted on going in at the side entrance, and after snuggling in the dark hallway at the surreptitious kiss implanted on the tip of her nose by the ardent Gussie, she bade him good-night hastily and took her way up the back stairs to her room. At the head of the landing she paused, listening until she heard Gussie's door shut on the floor below. Then she stole softly down the stairway once again, and opening the dining-room door cautiously, let herself into the darkness. Over there in the corner was the most secluded side of the porch. Miss Flick had long ago prohibited piazza courtships. Perhaps, after all, Zaza was only disobeying the piazza injunction, and Miss Flick would be willing to forgive a flirtation.

Yes—they were there. Through the chinks of the closed shutter she saw them and could hear them as well, for the inside windows of the dining-room were never closed in hot weather. Miss Flick sat down on the floor to watch and listen.

Zaza was leaning against the rail of the porch. Facing her sat the man. His hat was on and he was smoking a cigar. It was Zaza who was talking:

"Oh, if you will only do it! If you will only do it!" she said in a low tone, stretching out one hand imploringly as she spoke.

Miss Flick recognized the man now. He was Sir Francis "What's-his-name" at the Opera House and a guest at the hotel. In the moonlight she could see his white hand as he shook the ashes from his cigar, and the sparkle of the diamond in the ring he wore.

"I'll git him anything he needs in the way of costoms," Zaza went on supplicatingly, "an' he's got a good street suit. I have the ticket fer it home. I'll get it out fer him right away. He put it in when he went on the tear."

The man looked up. He spoke with an emphatic drawl and gesticulated.

"He's a good 'juvenile,' Bert is—I haven't a word to say against his usefulness with a rep. show. He doubles in brass and makes a good appearance in the parade, can do illustrated songs at a pinch, and is willing to work the 'props,' but, my dear little girl" (it was the habit of the man to address all females so, even the old woman in the company), "he will get off on these awful sprees."

"I know—I know," Zaza interrupted, "but listen! You'll try him again, won't you? Say?"

The man was silent a moment. Then he said suddenly:

"Look here, why don't you let him shift for himself? He's a beast when he's drunk. I know him! Why, he's told me himself that he beat you."

"Only when he's drunk," she replied in quick defense. "He never teches me when he's sober, but when he's drinkin' he alius licks anybody that comes near him. He can't help it! Liquor makes some folks do that way."

The man gave a deep grunt and threw away his cigar.

"You women make me sick," he said disgustedly. "Does he ever send you any money when he's on the road?"

"No—no, sir," she confessed reluctantly. "But I don't need it. I can get along all right. It's only hard—"

(Continued on page xi.)



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## ANNOUNCEMENT

With its January issue THE THEATRE MAGAZINE will enter upon its fifth year of uninterrupted success. Beginning next month the magazine will be permanently enlarged. Its pages will be considerable longer and broader, thus permitting of greater pictorial embellishment and their number will be increased. The colored cover will also undergo a radical change. The policy of independence and general excellence, which has made this magazine a success, will be continued and a number of new interesting features introduced. Full announcements of our plans for the coming year will be made in the next issue.

Complete files of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE are invaluable to the theatre-goer, the theatrical manager, the actor, and the stage student. Each year adds to their value. Vol. I, 1901, published originally at \$3.50, is now worth \$20.00. The volumes are becoming scarce. Secure one before it is too late.

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(Concluded from page viii.)

"Hard when he lays around and drinks your wages, eh? Well, then, what the — do you stand it for?"

"I love him," ... said.

It was the same uncompromising tone that Miss Flick had heard before, and that lady's heart was thumping behind the closed shutters.

The man was silent.

"It's a — shame," he said at last, rising, but he's your husband and it's your funeral."

"Will you take him on again, then?" asked Zaza, her voice trembling now with eagerness.

"All right—you can send him around to the theatre in the morning. He's the best all-around man we ever had with the show; but you can tell him it's his last chance; and say, he'll have to have a dress suit to go on in the ball room scene in *Camilie*."

"I'll get it," said Zaza, promptly. "Good-night, sir, I'm awful grateful. Bert'll be round in the morning. He said he'd go sure if I'd ast you to take him back."

She hurried around the corner of the porch, and the sound of her footfall as she ran down the wooden steps came back through the dining-room window and startled Miss Flick out of a deep reverie.

\* \* \* \* \*

Daisy was distributing stewed prunes into infinitesimal portions when Miss Flick walked into the dining-room the next mornin'.

The head waitress looked about critically to see that everything was in order. At one end of the room Zaza was filling the sugar bowls. Daisy put two prunes into the last glass saucer and added a scrap of lemon peel as a compromise in place of the prune which should have been, but was not. Then she picked up the empty bowl and started for the swinging kitchen door. On the way she stopped before the mirror in the walnut sideboard in order to adjust the blue bow in her pompadour.

Miss Flick picked up the gong on the sideboard at the same moment, and catching Daisy's self-satisfied glance in the mirror, stared at her sternly through that medium.

Their eyes met belligerently in the reflection.

"You ain't took off them high heels yet, I see," observed the head waitress. Daisy ignored the question defiantly. "When is Zaza goin' to leave, Miss Flick?" she answered in retaliation.

"Not at all, as I know of," replied the head waitress, airily. "Me and Mr. Jones has investigated into the matter, and that's all that's necessary, I be—lieve!"

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At a smoking concert recently a young man with a better opinion of his own vocal powers than his audience had volunteered a song, but did not get an encore. When he had finished an old friend remarked:

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## New Dramatic Books

FIFTY YEARS OF AN ACTOR'S LIFE. By JOHN COLEMAN. With sixteen plates, containing twenty-six portraits. In two volumes, New York: James Pott & Co.

John Coleman was born in 1831, began his life as an actor when he was a boy of fifteen, and died in 1904. The principal part of his career was devoted to the management of provincial theatres in England, while he had other periods of management in London and acquired distinction as an actor in parts of his own. He was brave, resolute and resourceful in braving the vicissitudes of a strolling life in the days of the unstable stock companies; a man of business and skilled in every branch of his profession when he became a manager; and, at all times, used good judgment and a formidable fist in physical encounters. He was a handsome Pagan, and experienced many adventures, which, in his old age, he discreetly tells. Thus we have the romance and reality of youth battling with the world at fifteen, starvation often for more than a year and a day, unpaid salaries, anecdotes of provincial managers, stories of comrades who became famous, glimpses of the great actors famous before he was born and now giving their farewells, humorous happenings on the stage, and much authentic and curious information as to the origin and history of plays. Hardly a date is given in the two volumes; the old chronicler was obviously jealous of Time. He goes into too much detail of an ephemeral nature, but that has always been characteristic of books of this kind, which, for the most part, go to the shelves of collectors of the literature of and about the stage.

Coleman was a great admirer of both Charlotte Cushman and Edwin Forrest. His description of Charlotte Cushman as Meg Merriiles is thrilling. He had a small part and had played in the piece before, but he now had a new experience. "I was waiting my cue in the prompt entrance, when lo! there swept on like a whirlwind a great, gaunt, spectral thing, clad from head to heel in one, and only one, loose, flowing garment, compact of shreds and patches in neutral colors. Its elf-locks were of iron grey; its face, arms, and neck were those of a mummy new risen from the sepulchre, while its eyes, afame with living fire, were riveted on the lost heir of Ellangowan, who gasped and remained speechless, while Dandie Dinmont's terror was real, not simulated. The audience were breathless and dumbfounded; so was I."

Coleman's opinion of the comparative merits of certain actors in the same parts is often interesting in that he sometimes gives the superiority to the less distinguished. Coleman devotes a special chapter to advocating the establishment and endowment of a National Theatre in London. He is unquestionably right in his contention that the old stock system was the best of schools for the actor, and that the reproduction of classic plays tends to the elevation of the drama as well as of the public. He distinguished himself by productions that were up-to-date in every way, that of "Henry V," for instance, so that he does not base his views upon this subject on old-fashioned prejudices. He records with great satisfaction his production of "Pericles" during the memorial performances at the Shakespeare Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon. Clement Scott records his "power and style" in it. This is one of the few plays by Shakespeare that has not been in use as a stage play. It is possible that Coleman's arrangement of it will be seen in America. Coleman was the original producer of many plays which became popular. He collaborated with Charles Reade in "Never Too Late to Mend," "Foul Play," and "Put Yourself in His Place," and wrote "Charles Reade as I Knew Him." Many of his anecdotes concern actors who later became identified with the American stage, Charles Coghlan, for instance. To those connected with the stage and familiar with its people the volumes have peculiar interest.

A DICTIONARY OF THE DRAMA. A Guide to the Plays, Playwrights, Players, and Playhouses of the United Kingdom and America, from the Earliest Times to the Present. By W. DAVENPORT ADAMS. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. 1904.

The early publication of this work was an

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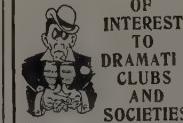
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nounced a number of years ago, and appears now for the first time. Compilation is no easy or expeditious undertaking. The resources for such a dictionary are almost numberless, and the hardest task was to compress the information. The result is a certain dryness of statement in the paragraphs, but no reader will fail to find on nearly every page facts that are new to him. This is particularly true as to the sources of plays and adaptations and dramatizations of the same thing under different titles. In the revised edition of the book, which will no doubt be called for in time, special attention should be given to this most useful feature. Investigation of this kind serves the interests of the drama, and humbles the thief from his temporary estate of honor. If the dictionary errs in any direction, it is in the fullness of its detail of names mentioned. However, it is a book of reference, and serves its purpose well. It is a book of facts rather than of scholarship or opinion. That there are many needless entries and many omissions is in the nature of the case, but in addition to the subjects indicated in the full title of the dictionary it gives separately the important characters in plays, brief quotations from criticisms, etc. While no biographical mention is made of foreign authors, credit is given to them in the record of adaptations. Thus, while not a complete dictionary of the drama, it covers the field of the English stage with reasonable fullness and accuracy.

**Books Received**

HISTORY OF THE LONDON STAGE, FROM 1576 TO 1903. By H. B. BAKER. 557 pages, with numerous portraits and illustrations. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

PLAYERS AND VAGABONDS. A Romance of the Stage. By VIOLA ROSEBORO. 334 pages. New York: The Macmillan Company.

COMEDIES AND LEGENDS FOR MARIONETTES. A Theatre for Boys and Girls. By GEORGIANA GODDARD KING. Illustrated by ANNA R. GILES. 202 pages. New York: The Macmillan Company.

BIRD CENTER CARTOONS. Pictures and Text by JOHN T. McCUTCHEON. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

OUT OF WORK. A Study of Employment Agencies. By FRANCES A. KELLOR. 292 pages. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE SIN OF DAVID. Play by STEPHEN PHILLIPS. New York: The Macmillan Co.

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Dear friends in front, the curtain must not fall  
Until a grateful woman says good-bye to all.  
Just think of all the kindness that I've got of you!  
I'd like to be the "Granny" of the lot of you!  
Old age to bear becomes a happy load.  
When love and friendship line the lengthening road.

And as I've lived long years in this dear land,  
I've never lacked the pressure of your hand,  
Nor missed your smile the times I tried to jest,  
Nor wanted for a tear when tears were best.  
So when the curtain's down, the footlights out,  
Once and for all for me, I'll turn about  
And in my memories live again each day  
Your hands and hearts made glad for me my way.  
When with Augustin Daly I acted many parts!  
And Jimmy Lewis, bless him, played with me at hearts!

And Ada Rehan, the dear creature, won her brilliant spurs,  
And John Drew, cheeky darling, stole my heart and hers;  
And charming Annie Russell, and more than I can name,—  
But I'll keep them in my memory, every one the same!

Dear days! so many, too, red-lettered ones and gold!  
The curtain falls on all of them—I'm eighty-three years old!  
Good-bye, old friends, new friends, my children, every one of you!  
Listen, for it's true, I love each mother's son of you!  
For wealth, for fame, my goodness, I don't care a fibbet!

If only in your hearts you'll keep old Mrs. Gilbert.

## An Actor's Defense

An itinerant actor, possessed of more wit than money, was driven by hunger to commit the crime of poaching, and was, unluckily for him, detected in the act and carried before a bench of magistrates. The knight of the buskin, being called on for his defense, astonished the learned justices by adapting to his case Brutus' speech to the Romans on the death of Cæsar, in the following manner:

"Britons, hungry men, and epicures! Hear me for my cause, and be silent that you may hear; believe me for mine honor, and have respect for my honor that you may believe; censure me in your wisdom and awake your senses that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of this hare, to him I say that a player's love for a hare is no less than his. If, then, that friend demand why a player rose against a hare, this is my answer: Not that I love hare less, but that I love eating more. Had you rather this hare was living, and I had died starving, than that this hare was dead that I might live a jolly fellow? As this hare was pretty, I weep for him; as he was nimble, I rejoice at it; as he was plump, I honor him; but as he was eatable, I slew him."

Here the gravity of the court gave way; prosecutors spectators, bench, and all burst into laughter, and in the end the prosecution was withdrawn.—*Tit-Bits.*

## Notice

It was impossible to get ready in time for this issue the double-page picture showing a typical first night audience at a leading New York theatre. The picture, however, will be a handsome feature of the January number.

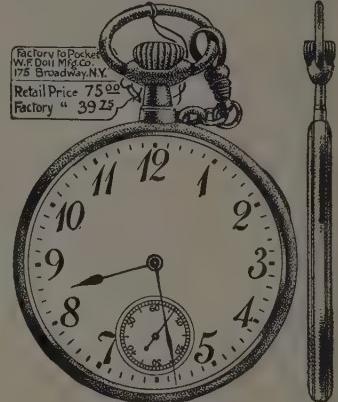
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**QUERIES ANSWERED**

The Editor will be pleased to answer in this department all reasonable questions asked by our readers. Irrelevant and personal questions, such as those relating to actors or singers as private individuals, their age, whether they are married or single, etc., etc., will be ignored.

JAMES M. COLLINS, Savannah, Ga.—Q. In what company and at what theatre would a letter reach Margaret Messenger?

A.—A letter sent to the *Dramatic Mirror* will no doubt reach her, or send it to Henry W. Savage, 144 W. 43rd St., N. Y. C.

J. O., CONSTANT READER.—Q. (1)—What do you think is the best way for a young man to get on the stage?

A.—If you can afford it, through a good dramatic school. If you cannot afford it, begin at the bottom of the ladder, as call-boy or dresser. Only get on the stage some way.

Q. (2)—Would you suggest going to a good actor of the resident Stock Company?

A.—Yes; the advice of an actor of experience can do no harm.

Q. (3)—Do actors as a rule cheerfully give advice to those who contemplate going on the stage?

A.—Yes, by advising them to enter almost any other business.

Q. (4)—Do you think it is too late at nineteen or twenty to go on the stage?

A.—No; you are just ripe.

A. MEMPHIAN.—Q. (1)—Will you kindly tell me who is playing the leading rôle in "Ben Hur" this season?

A.—Harry Weaver.

Q. (2)—Who is Robert Edeson's leading lady in his new play, "Strong Heart?"

A.—Grace Thorne and Jane Rivers.

Q. (3)—Will he make a Southern tour this season?

A.—He is now on a Southern tour.

Q. (4)—Who was Mary Manning's leading man when she came South last year in "The Stubbornness of Geraldine?"

A.—Arthur Byron.

AN ADMIRER OF "THE THEATRE"—Q. Where can I find criticisms on Richard Mansfield's first production of Bernard Shaw's "Arms and the Man?"

A.—In the *New York Herald*, *New York Times*, and *Tribune*, the last week in September, 1894. See these publications at the Astor Library.

W. S.—Q. (1)—Can I get any back numbers of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE?

A.—Yes, by applying at this office.

Q. (2)—Did your magazine start May, 1901, or May, 1900, as advertised in your circular?

A.—May, 1901.

H. F.—Q. Where is Bruce McKee playing now and in what company? If not playing now, do you know what engagement he will have this winter?

A.—Is now playing the part of Col. Brinthonpe with Ethel Barrymore in "Sunday."

W. X. Y.—Q. (1)—What is Chauncey Olcott's real name?

A.—Olcott is his correct name.

Q. (2)—Where is Della Fox playing?

A.—Now in vaudeville. Was at Hammerstein's week of Nov. 7.

Q. (3)—Where is Lillian Russell's residence?

A.—Clinton, Iowa.

T. CHAS. SHIPLEY, Sioux Falls, S. D.—Q. Will you kindly inform me what course would have to be pursued in order to obtain the right to dramatize a copyright story which was published sometime ago?

A.—Write to the author and publisher.

G. G. E.—Q. I take the liberty of asking you to publish in your next month's number several pictures of Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe in scenes from all three of their Shakespearean plays.

A.—We have done so in the present issue.

ALICE CLAIRE PHILLIPS, Hartford, Ct.—Q. If it would not inconvenience you too much, would you please publish a picture of Miss Maude Adams in your December or January number?

A.—We shall very likely do so at an early date.

W. W. KLINE—Q. Will you please tell me the names of the dramatic critics on the New York papers?

A.—N. Y. Tribune, William Winter; N. Y. Times, John Corbin; Evening Post, J. Rankin Towsle; N. Y. Herald, Mr. White; N. Y. World, Louis de Voe; Evening Sun, Acton Davies; Evening Mail, E. A. Bingham; N. Y. Journal, Alan Dale.

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VOL. 9 :: :: :: SEASON 1904-1905

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### How I Suffer from Stage Fright

By BLANCHE BATES.

[The following was received too late to be used in the article on "Stage Fright" on page 320. It is so interesting, however, that it is printed here.—EDITOR.]

Stage fright has a thousand different forms and as many different ways of affecting its victims. For my own part, stage fright is a before and an after affair. In other words, I am subject to the sensation of fear before the performance begins and after it is over.

When "The Darling of the Gods" was produced at Belasco's Theatre in New York I lost twenty-four hours' sleep. Neither of my eyes closed the night preceding the première or the night following. During the "first night" performance, however, I was quite at ease. My heart beat with the greatest regularity, my pulse was quite normal, and I was absolutely sure of every line, every expression, every gesture.

Some of the other players in the cast were trembling and beads of perspiration gathered on their foreheads, broke, ran down their features in most amusing little rivulets. Strangely enough, their nervousness was not communicated to me at all.

It has always been so with me ever since I made my stage débüt. The night before and the night after are dreadful with waking fears, but the night itself, the "first night," the real three hours of work, are utterly devoid of nervousness.

In my career I have known only one exception. During my St. Louis run—I remember distinctly it occurred on the night of my tooth performance in that city—I suddenly became conscious of an attack of hiccoughs. It was during a love scene with Mr. Eugene Ormonde.

There are some things in this world we cannot stop: luck, express trains under full speed, and hiccoughs. I should prefer to stop an express train, after my hiccough experience. I felt them coming up in my throat and vainly attempted to hide them. The idea of hiccoughing at one's lover! It frightened me beyond measure, and I forgot my lines. Mr. Ormonde was forced to prompt me every other speech.

I cut the scene short and hurried from the stage. Fortunately, the audience did not notice my plight, so the scene was not spoiled.

In order to stop them I drank nearly a gallon of water—it was St. Louis water, from the Mississippi River!

The hiccoughs stopped before I made my next entrance—but if it ever comes to choosing between the hiccoughs and the Mississippi River, I shall permit the hiccoughs to continue.

### Wigmaker Astonished the King

William Clarkson, "Perruquier and Costumer to His Majesty and the Royal Family," was born in the house in which the business of wig-making and costuming has been carried on for seventy-seven years, the present Clarkson having succeeded his father.

"At the first performance at the Adelphi of 'L'Etrangere,'" said Mr. Clarkson, "Bernhardt came on the stage and called, 'Clarkson! Clarkson! where are you? Come quickly!' You see, she took the part of Mrs. Clarkson, and in the first act her lines included those I have mentioned. Well, one of my assistants came running to me, crying, 'Bernhardt is calling you; she wants you at once.' I hurried to the stage, and as soon as Mme. Bernhardt came to the wings I said, 'Here I am, Madame.' 'Well, what of it?' asked Madame. 'But didn't you call me, Madame?' 'Call you? Oh, yes; so I did,' she added, with a twinkle and a smile. 'You see, I'm Mrs. Clarkson just for the time being.'

"At the 'Royal Military Tournament' not long ago, at the Agricultural Hall," continued Mr. Clarkson, "a number of Indian soldiers appeared. His Majesty the King was present, and when he saw the Indians he turned to a military officer who was with him and said: 'But I was not aware that you had any Indian soldiers in the country.' 'Nor have we, your Majesty,' replied the officer. 'Those are merely Clarkson's Indians.' 'Do you mean to say that those are English soldiers?' asked the King. 'They are, your Majesty' was the reply. 'Well, then,' said the King, 'the transformation was easy. Now, if Clarkson can make up an Indian soldier to look like a British soldier—then, he certainly would be a magician.'—Tit-Bits."

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## What Better Xmas Gift?

### Blanche Marchesi's School Days

Mme. Blanche Marchesi, the celebrated concert singer and singing teacher, was educated at Frankfort, Vienna and Paris. A writer for *Tit-Bits* asked her if girls at her school were allowed to speak to the boys.

"Oh, never, never!" she exclaimed. "At Frankfort we never saw anything that even looked like a boy. One girl," continued Madame, "discovered a boy looking up at her window, but she was severely punished for smiling at him."

"The only recreation in our German school was a walk. I never heard of a single other form of recreation, except once in a while a dance among the girls themselves. Games were absolutely unknown. My own favorite occupation was to play tragedy and teach my friends to play with me. Nor were we ever permitted to engage in outdoor sports, except in winter, when we were occasionally allowed to skate. I am for outdoor sports—but with great reserve. Sports occupy the English people, especially the girls, too much. The culture of the heart and the spirit suffers."

"As for historical events, the one which most impressed me was the Franco-German War, though that event took place before I was born. People talked about the miseries of that war constantly, however, when I was a little child. Then there was the 'murder' of the Emperor Maximilian in Mexico. I remember that my sister and myself, as children, used to draw the most horrible pictures of the man who condemned the Emperor to death, and then we would 'hang' the pictures."

"The most characteristic phase of my school-life was that I was the most punished of all the girls. I used to write dramas and poems by night, by the light of a lot of little bits of candle which I acquired during the day. I was tremendously homesick—wanted to drown myself during the first fortnight in school. I was of a lively disposition, and everything that went wrong in the school was always blamed to me, and so I often was punished unjustly."

"Of all the letters I have received during the years since I left school and began singing and teaching, the most incredibly touching was one from a London postman. He wrote it after hearing me sing for the first time in 'Trovatore' at Covent Garden. His letter actually made me weep; it was so beautiful and so pathetic."

"The greatest of all the singers I have heard in my life was Gabrielle Krauss, of the Paris Opera. No living singer can be compared with her. She was the living drama. When she appeared and sang one phrase my breath stopped. And as for men who influenced me, there was Gounod. I speak of him in connection with the perfection of singing, for, without a scrap of voice himself, he revealed to me the secret of the singing of the soul."

### At the Theatre

During the playing of a sketch at a provincial theatre a scene occurred where a doctor had just discovered that his lady housekeeper was a ticket-of-leave woman, and had discharged her from his employ.

The lady housekeeper was on her knees in the centre praying hard not to be cast out into the cold world, but to have just one chance to redeem her character, when a woman who was sitting in the front seats of the balcony, bursting into tears, called out:

"Yes, guv-nor; that's right. Give the poor creature another chance."

Upon being told by her husband to "Hold your tongue!" the excited woman stretched both arms over the front of the balcony and sobbed out:

"How can I, when I know exactly how that poor wretch of a woman feels, for I did seven years myself once?"

During the roars of laughter, in which the actors joined, the tearful woman was escorted from the building.

### Fifteen Thousand Violin Makers

The only place in the world where violin-making may be said to constitute the staple industry is Markneukirchen, in Saxony, with its numerous surrounding villages. There are altogether about 15,000 people in this district engaged exclusively in the manufacture of violins. The inhabitants, from the small boy and girl to the wrinkled, grey-haired veteran and the aged grandmother, are employed throughout the year in making some part or other of this instrument.

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### A Critic Answers His Critics

COLUMBUS, O., Nov. 16, 1904.  
TO THE EDITOR OF THE THEATRE MAGAZINE:

It is perhaps permissible to ask who are the members and what is the club that so learnedly sets itself up to confirm the words of Sir Henry Irving in your current issue?

In the realms of religion, science, law, and a few other departments of learning, there still exists an old-fashioned practice of referring debatable matters to those who have studied their subjects. Unless the present writer is sadly mistaken, the question as to whether or no a statute is good law is referred to a judge, not to a course of people of heterogeneous attainments.

Quite likely the "Member" and "Reader" does not know, and cares less, that among the people who study the stage, among those who are so unfortunate as to have to give years of their life following its devious course, that Mansfield is regarded as the first, and not the third, of producing artists, and this, not alone from technical considerations, but because he has done more for the American stage than others. Probably Sothern would come next and possibly Skinner third, while most assuredly Irving would overtake them all, for reasons which it would take too long to explain and which those who form their judgments on emotional grounds would hardly appreciate.

Has it occurred to "Reader" that the regular critic (so called) is forced to make up his written verdict within an hour and a half after the performance closes? that he must write rapidly and under the most distracting conditions? that those things which appear novel and pleasing to the occasional theatregoer, who waits weeks for his popular star to appear, are old and trite to the man who is "out in front" more than half of the evenings of every week?

Does "Reader" further realize that a comprehensive criticism—one that would tell everything—would require a column and a half or two, and scarcely any paper has so much space to give, so that working at lightning speed the critic (so called) is also obliged to pick and choose and leave out many things which would have a bearing on an absolute judgment? That critics should agree, or be unanimous, is just as impossible as that all should have had exactly the same experience and general information.

The public's judgment—and this is no doubt what Irving meant—affects only the popularity of a play and not its artistic merit. As well judge the literary merit of a book by the sales. This would probably put Ouida's novels ahead of Emerson's essays.

Nothing that has gone before is meant to argue the infallibility of critics or to deny that there are many exercising their functions who have no right to that privilege. In that class, it is just possible, belong "Reader" and many others who really have no thought for the theatre beyond amusement.

Humbly yours, T. T. F.

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**Everyone who predicts correctly** after Dec. 15th and before Jan. 1st will receive \$100. in cash.

The date that governs the amount of these prizes will be the date you mail your predictions, as shown by the postmark on the envelope.

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We plan to add to this Library from time to time, and expect to do a larger annual business with it than has ever been done with any one set of books. So much to explain why we can afford to pay these large prizes, although we do not hope to make any profit on the present sale.

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- |                            |                               |                                  |                          |
|----------------------------|-------------------------------|----------------------------------|--------------------------|
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| 4. Hypatia                 | 9. Darwin's Origin of Species | 14. Prince of the House of David | 19. Thelma               |
| 5. Ivanhoe                 | 10. Uncle Tom's Cabin         | 15. Robinson Crusoe              | 20. Last Days of Pompeii |

These twenty volumes represent a wide range of taste, but each one is unquestionably among the leaders of its class. Anyone who is familiar with these twenty books will never lack a subject of conversation in any company. This prize offer will secure many new readers for these standard works, which should be in every home where the English language is read and spoken.

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**Dr. Edward Everett Hale writes:**

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### How the Prizes Will be Awarded

**The Washington Post**, of Washington, D. C., one of the best newspapers in the United States, will decide who are the successful contestants and to what prize each one is entitled, and the names of the ten most popular books will be published in the leading newspapers not later than February 10th.

The entire reputation of our concern, with more than a million dollars capital and eleven years of successful book publishing, is pledged to the fair and square awarding and payment of these prizes. As to our responsibility, look up Merrill & Baker, New York, in Dun or Bradstreet. No one in any way connected with our establishment or with *The Washington Post* will be allowed to compete. Each prediction will be numbered, dated and registered in a manner that will prevent mistake or fraud. The correctness of the awarding of the prizes will be certified to by Gunn, Richard & Co., the well-known firm of expert accountants and business engineers of 43 Wall Street, New York. For convenience of the Judge of the Contest and to prevent any possible confusion with the rest of our business, this contest will be conducted entirely from Washington, D. C. **Address all inquiries and predictions to Dept. X** **World's Famous Book Contest**, care **The Washington Post**, Washington, D. C.

### Use Your Brains—Consult Your Friends

Look over the list carefully and make up your mind which ten volumes you would choose for yourself if you could have ten of the twenty, and only ten. If you have average taste in books you won't be far out of the way in naming the ten.

Many learned and bookish people, among them Sir John Lubbock, have published lists of what they considered the world's best hundred books, and some of the magazines

have published articles regarding the world's best books. Look up and see how the twenty mentioned here are rated in such lists.

Consult your local book dealer, and find out which ten he thinks will sell the best—which he has sold the most of.

Consult the Librarian of any library to which you have access.

Ask public and high-school teachers and professors which ten are the best.

Then make your prediction. The more intelligence you put into making your predictions the greater your prospect of success.

**But do this quickly—at once—you must determine quickly to secure one of the larger prizes.**

### Limit as to Number

The price of each volume is \$1.00. Each book is good, honest value for the dollar. For each volume you buy you are entitled to make one prediction—that is, name the ten volumes which you think will prove most popular—will sell better than the other ten. You may buy any number of volumes up to twenty and make as many different predictions as you buy books. But no person will be allowed to make more than twenty predictions.

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If you cannot visit one of these stores, send \$1.00 for each book you want to Dept. X: **THE WORLD'S FAMOUS BOOK CONTEST**, **WASHINGTON POST**, **WASHINGTON, D. C.** and the books will be sent you and blanks on which to make your predictions. If you want further particulars before ordering, address Dept. X **WORLD'S FAMOUS BOOK CONTEST**, Washington Post, Washington, D. C.

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## Klaw & Erlanger's Enterprises

Klaw & Erlanger expect the current season to prove one of the most prosperous this enterprising theatrical firm has ever known. In addition to their three New York theatres, the New Amsterdam, the Liberty and the New York, and their two popular houses in New Orleans, the Tulane and the Crescent, these managers are playing six attractions, and will soon have two others on the boards. The companies now playing are "Ben Hur," which is in its sixth year; the Rogers Brothers in "The Rogers Brothers in Paris;" the Drury Lane spectacle, "Mother Goose;" Peter F. Dailey and Fay Templeton with the Musical Comedy Company; the colossal spectacle, "Humpty Dumpty," which is now crowding the New Amsterdam Theatre, and the musical farce, "The Billionaire," in which Thomas Q. Seabrooke is playing the title rôle. Later in the season Klaw & Erlanger will present the latest London musical comedy hit, "Sergeant Brue," and in January Forbes Robertson, in Henry V. Esmond's new play, "Love and the Man."

Their preparations for next season include five new productions. These are I. I. C. Clarke's dramatization of Gen. Lew Wallace's historical romance, "A Prince of India;" a dramatic version of F. Marion Crawford's "Zoroaster;" Joseph Cawthorne in a new comedy; the Drury Lane spectacle which is to be presented this month at the Drury Lane Theatre in London, "The White Cat," and W. W. Denslow and Paul West's new American spectacle, "The Pearl and the Pumpkin," founded on a story issued by these collaborators in October, the former of whom is the author of "The Wizard of Oz." In addition to these, Klaw & Erlanger will present the famous black face comedy stars, McIntyre and Heath, in a new musical farce by John J. McNally, called "The Ham Tree."

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